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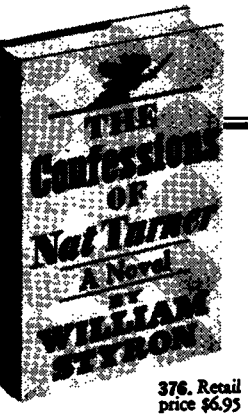

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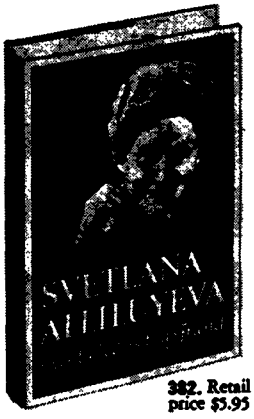

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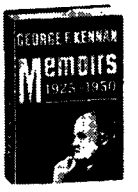

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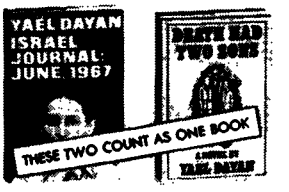

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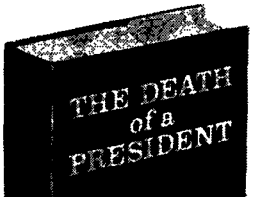

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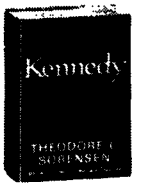

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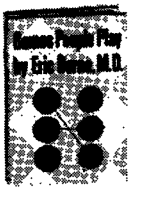

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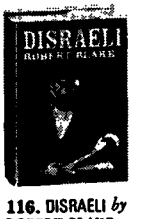

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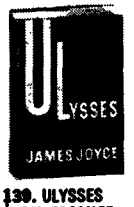

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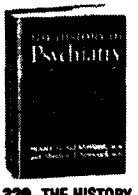

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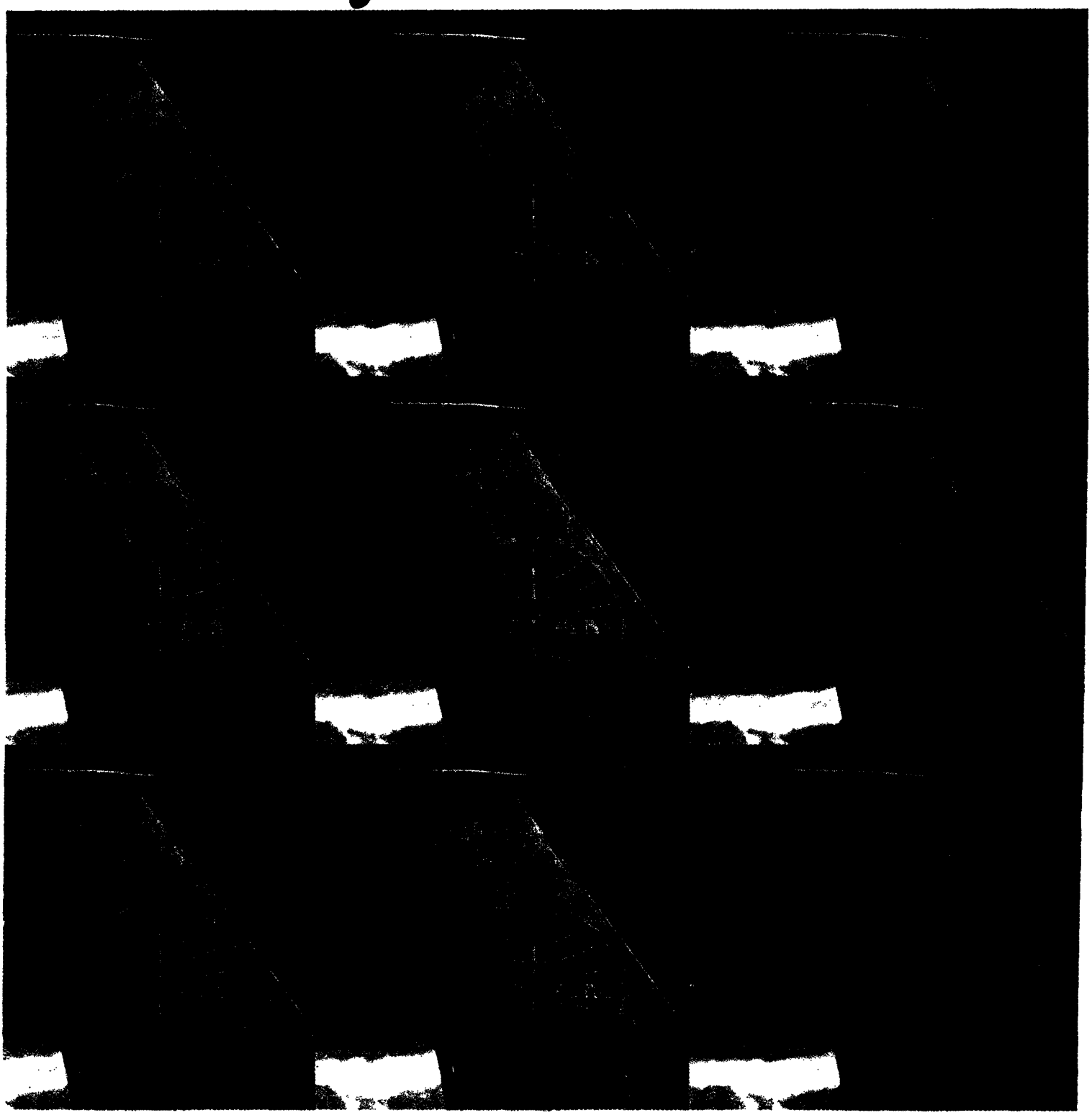

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Letters from Readers

Non-Attachment

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Selma Fraiberg's attempt to explain the "diseases of non-attachment" might easily be questioned by examination of her sources and method of argument ["The Origins of Human Bonds," December 1967]. But much more serious are the implications she draws, for those quite miss the point as a diagnosis of societal problems.

Suppose we grant that there are diseases of non-attachment and that they do develop from maternal deprivation. That is surely enough. But Professor Fraiberg's desire to move from the scene of family intimacy to the societal scene involves her in a potentially disastrous *non sequitur*. For she hurries on to draw the implication that many criminals, prostitutes (and even Head Start children), are the way they are through having been infected with the diseases of non-attachment.

Now, to diagnose someone as being "sick" is both to classify him, and to suggest that the only way out for him is to get well; that is, for him to change. But the symptoms Professor Fraiberg identifies are, by another interpretation, symptoms of robust health. Inability to attach oneself to *anyone* is surely a disease; it is also surely extremely rare. And in any case, to assert "inability" is often but an explanation for the inability of analysts to explain the behavior they see as wholly motivated. More common by far is the lack of willingness to attach oneself to false, inauthentic persons . . . who would lead one to sacrifice one's dignity for a self-destructive end. Such behavior is healthy. "Impairment of intellectual functioning" is so slippery, as, so far, to have defied the attempts of first-rate scientists to devise culture-free tests of it. And impulse control, the third of Professor Fraiberg's symptom indicators, is a name that those who can afford to indulge theirs apply to those who cannot afford to release theirs. . . . (Kinsey reported, long ago, that while members of the middle class in late adolescence are diddling one another, members of the lowest class are acting in a more mature manner)! . . . .

There is no point, though, in arguing about whether the client is sick or not. Rather it is high time we were done altogether with sickness theories of social behavior. I know we are living at a time when the complexity of the world makes us all long for simplified explanations of behavior. How are we to explain the motives of the terrible Chinese, or all the cruel, violent people on the streets? Since we seem to be unable to do anything about these things, the cause must be something very basic in man's nature—a drive, no less. . . .

The trouble is that what needs explaining about man is not that he attacks other human beings. The point of our times is not aggression. The Bible itself virtually begins with a story of murder. The point is, instead, organized violence, and organized aggression, in which individuals in groups destroy others in groups, not from hatred or hostility, but from compassion and love. The central fact about modern warfare is that men do it in the name of sacred ideologies. . . .

And that . . . is the problem. Not the non-attachment Professor Fraiberg talks about but the super-attachment that says not that all men are brothers, but that all men must become our brothers, even if we have to kill them to make them realize it. . . . Love comes first, and aggressiveness is how we realize it.

EDWARD GROSS
Department of Sociology
University of Washington
Seattle, Washington

Israel

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Having not the slightest idea of who Mr. Robert Alter may be, I would hesitate to write about him, his ideas, or his activities ["Israel and the Intellectuals," October 1967]. Mr. Alter, however, is not encumbered by such considerations in discussing my letter to the San Francisco *Chronicle* of June 20.

I would hesitate to describe myself as *any* kind of Marxist, "old-time" or new, and I have never been "active in" any kind of politics in a lifetime of sixty-three years.

On the basis of a few phrases, a couple of isolated words, and one paragraph of a long letter, Mr. Alter slanders me, together with any other American Jew who may

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have raised some questions about the Israeli-Arab war of last June.

The questions I asked (before the time I was a non-Zionist) have now been answered by history, and have made of me an *anti*-Zionist. Israel's arrogance is patent to all observers, in her refusal to submit her case to the UN; her willingness to talk "peace" with the Arab states—on *her* terms or none at all; her refusal to disgorge the territories of her neighbors (not to mention colonizing them and exploiting their natural resources for her own benefit); her refusal to permit the return to their native lands of thousands upon thousands of refugees.

Mr. Alter cannot alter facts by polemic, nor distort the ideas of other people by placing his own "virulent" Zionist interpretation on what they have said and what he chooses to think they may believe.

I have never believed that "Jews . . . are not fighters." I have known them and fought alongside them myself. I did *not* say I would be "opposed in principle" if the diaspora were capable of being reversed; I said I was not "at all sure it should be reversed, even if it were possible"; I did not question Israel's right to exist despite its quite illegitimate birth and the uses to which its foreign policy and action have been put since its birth in 1948.

So far as my understanding of history is concerned, I know this much: you cannot make a "homeland" on territory occupied by other people unless you can (1) persuade them to move out, (2) live in peace and equality with them, and/or, (3) failing to do either, kill them. If Israel maintains her present course *vis-à-vis* the Arabs, she will *guarantee* her destruction whether she, Mr. Alter, or I want it that way or not.

ALVAH BESSIE
San Rafael, California

MR. ALTER writes:

My apologies to Mr. Bessie if, through faulty information of my own, my description of him was inaccurate, though I am puzzled as to why someone who is not *any* kind of Marxist and who was never involved in politics should have served as drama critic for the *New Masses*. I am glad, moreover, to see that Mr. Bessie has decided to retreat from some of the more objectionable implications of his June letter, even if the language he used then will scarcely allow it.

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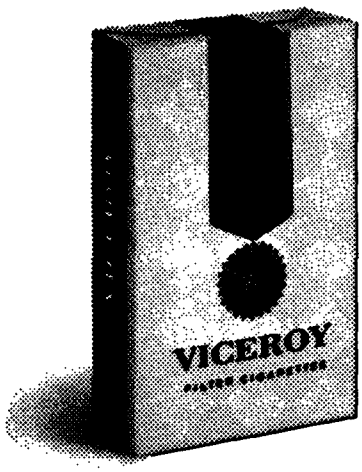

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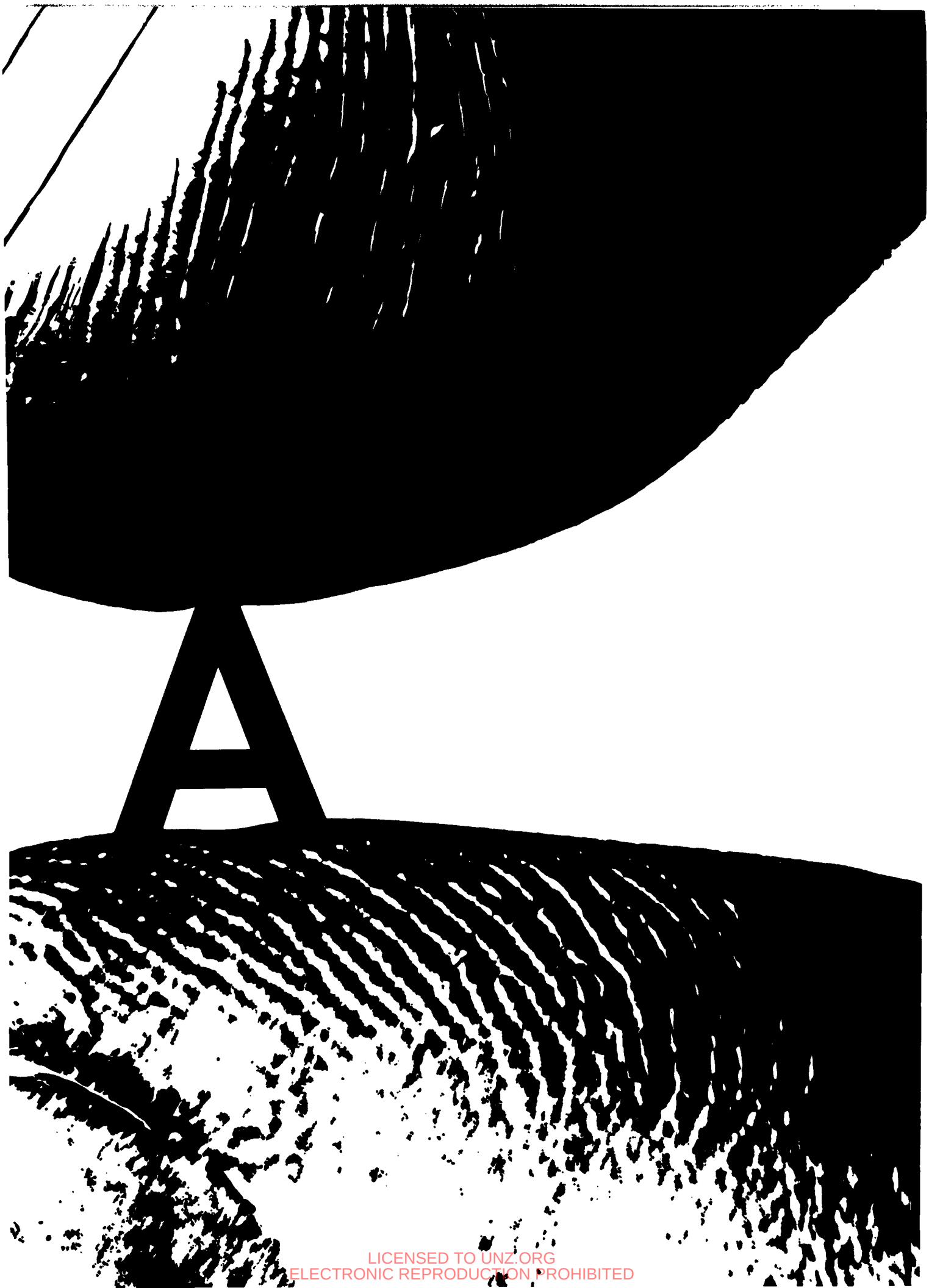

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(Surely a contentious expression of doubt as to whether the diaspora "should" be reversed indicates some opposition in principle.)

I share Mr. Bessie's troubled concern about the present situation in the Middle East, but I wish I could be as sure as he seems to be that peace depends chiefly on Israel's magnanimity. Here I think his distortion of historical facts leads him astray in his prognosis. Palestine is a Jewish as well as an Arab homeland, and if the surrounding Arab states had not rejected the UN partition resolution and had not invaded Palestine in 1948, there would have been no bloodshed, and no refugee problem.

It is encouraging to know that Mr. Bessie does not question Israel's right to exist, but the crux of the Middle East conflict is that the Arab states categorically deny that right. Is it really so "arrogant" for Israel to insist that the Arabs recognize her right of existence at least sufficiently to sit at the same conference table with her? And if the Arab states, through their own repeated and emphatic pronouncements, are sworn to the destruction of a Jewish state in any part of Palestine, what does Mr. Bessie think would be accomplished by an Israeli withdrawal without treaty to the June 4 boundaries? Such an act would surely not reconcile the Arabs to the fact of Israel's existence, but, by placing Israel in its former position of tactical vulnerability, it might well encourage a renewal of Arab efforts to "drive the Jews into the sea."

Digging Dylan

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Although I found most of Ellen Willis's article interesting and illuminating, I think that a certain point was passed over too quickly ["The Sound of Bob Dylan," November 1967]. Intellectual discussions of Bob Dylan's use of words, manipulation of imagery, and manipulation of his own image are minor considerations when one views him as an artist. We must ask, what does a Dylan song evoke in the person who is listening? . . .

As a contemporary of Mr. Dylan's, I have always been "reached" by him. His earlier work in the folk tradition was a familiar and refreshing addition to an already rich field of very fine music. When his sound changed to folk-rock and abandoned earlier themes of social and moral injustice, I was disappointed and felt spurned by the culture hero. But after the initial shock, I learned that Dylan was only exploring another area of my (and his) complex field of responses and attitudes.

It is not always his words or imagery that convey the feeling he wishes to communicate; but rather the mood his voice expresses by its subtle innuendoes, even if it often sounds harsh and flat. Miss Willis is correct in saying Dylan's art cannot be appreciated, or even understood, by mere reading. It takes the combination of his quite flexible voice (for his purposes), his instrumental abilities, and finally, the phrases themselves. . . .

AMY GREENHUT
Ithaca, New York

Annexation

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I was shocked to read the following passage in Amos Elon's "Letter from the Sinai Front" [August 1967]: "Members of the right-wing Herut party called for annexation of the West Bank with no civil rights for the million Arabs who live there—a Middle Eastern Rhodesia."

I am surprised that a serious publication such as yours should print without checking a statement attributing by way of insinuation—via anonymous "members"—to a political party in Israel an attitude which is not only inhuman but entirely opposed to that party's declared policy, i.e., the granting of equal rights to all the citizens of Israel without any discrimination.

This fundamental idea of equal rights has been taken over by the Herut party from its pre-State-of Israel forerunners, the Revisionist movement, Beitar, and the Irgun Tsevai Leumi, all followers of Zeev (Vladimir) Jabotinsky, in one of whose poems he envisions the relations between Jews and Arabs in our country as follows: "There Arab, Christian, and Jew/ Will be prosperous and happy,/For my banner, the banner of integrity and equity/Will purify both banks of my Jordan."

RAANANA MERIDOR
Department of Classics
The Hebrew University
Jerusalem, Israel

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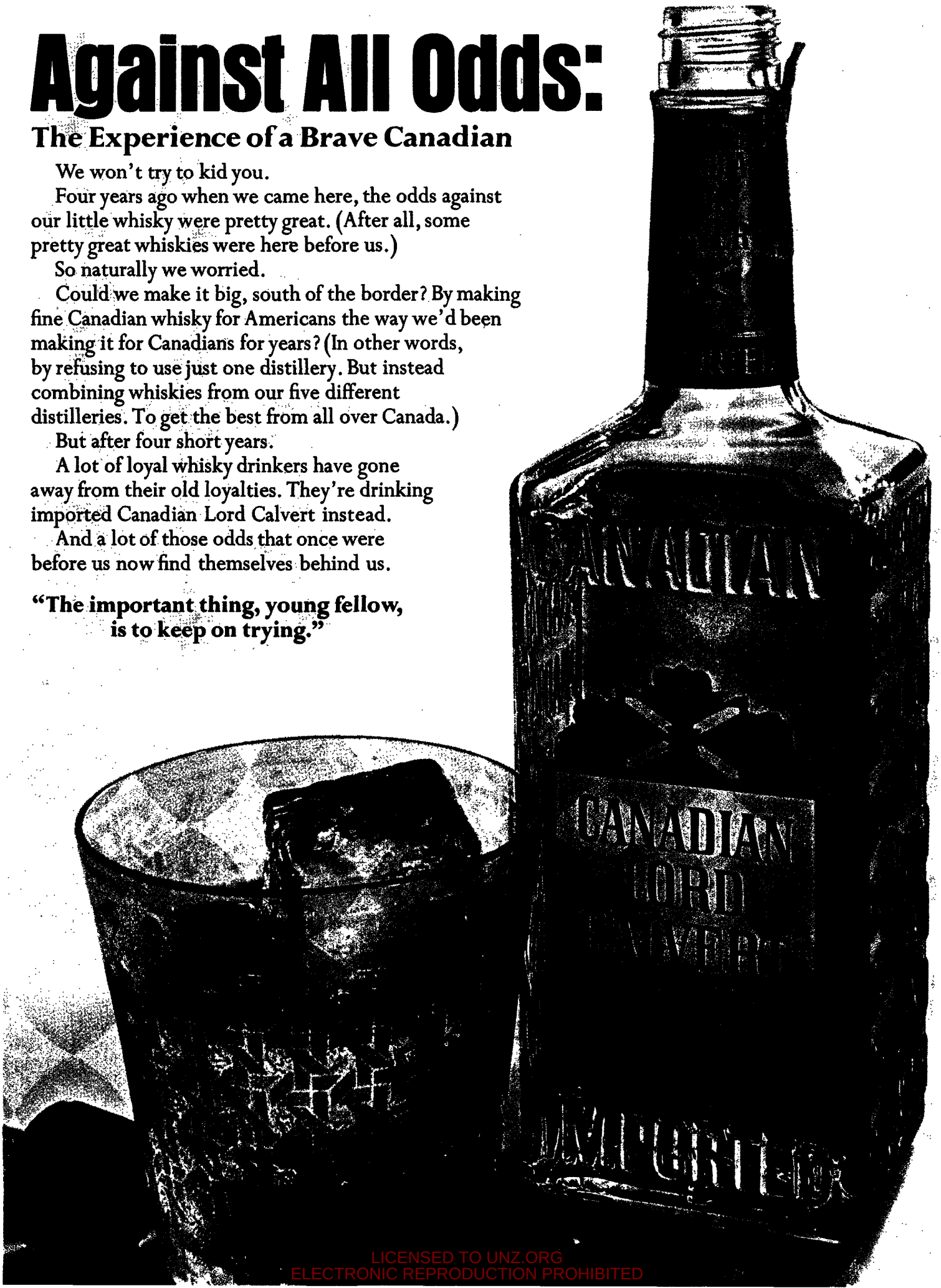

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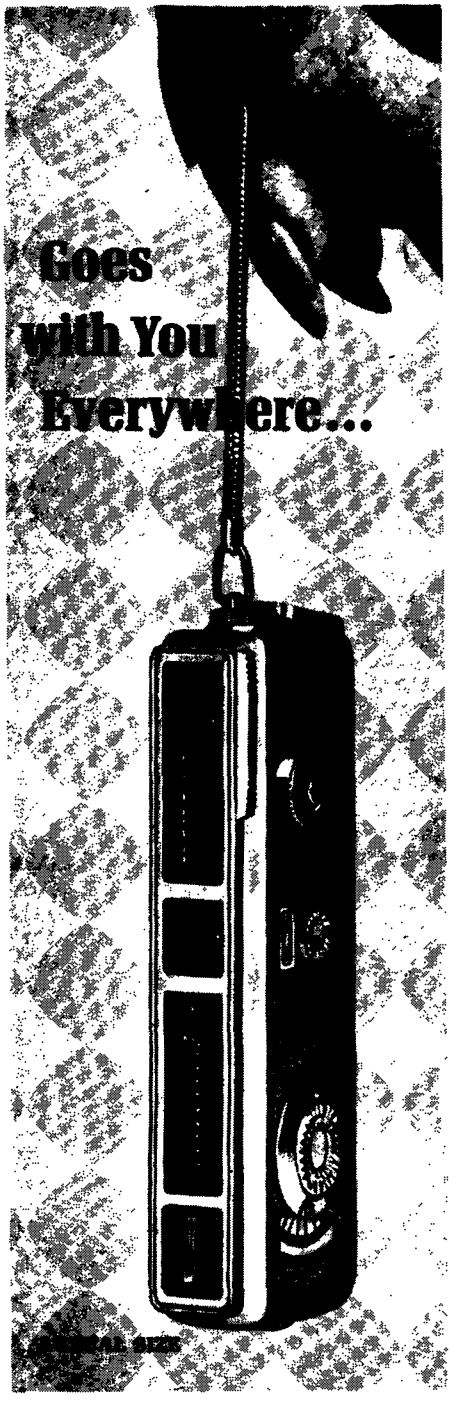

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MR. ELON writes:

Miss Meridor quotes Jabotinsky's poetry as determining the present political policies of Herut; I would wish only that she had gone into greater detail as to her "purification" program for even this Western side of the Jordan. Since the war, in statements made both within the Cabinet and publicly, Herut spokesmen (like Party Leader Menahem Begin) have consistently taken a stand against the return of any "liberated" areas on the West Bank, even in exchange for a peace settlement. Leaders of the party—and no member has come out publicly to the contrary—hold that the entire West Bank is an integral part of Israel's historical heritage. When asked what is to be the fate of the area's near-million Arab residents, the answer has been that there is no need to grant any civil rights for the next ten or twenty years, and after that, time will tell.

The Schools

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Peter Schrag's description of the traditional school system [in his review of Herbert Kohl's *36 Children* and Jonathan Kozol's *Death at an Early Age*, January] as one tailored to the needs of students who desire a comfortable middle-class life . . . is accurate enough but not too useful. Moreover, his premise and conclusions need considerable qualification. . . .

To begin with, is the traditional school system intrinsically a failure? On what criteria does Mr. Schrag base this verdict? . . . Is his estimation based upon language-oriented tests? Can we expect Puerto Rican students (25 per cent of the New York City student population) and Afro-American (the other 25 per cent) students who came from dual-language and depressed-language environments to know as many words as some mythical "typical" Iowa schoolchild? . . .

Secondly, granted that the school system is designed for children who want to achieve . . . is this really negative? Is this where the blame should be put? Has Mr. Schrag talked to any slum parents recently? Rumor has it that many of them would be willing to cut off their right arms if their children could become little doctors or little lawyers. . . .

Thirdly, Mr. Schrag in effect says that no one has answers for the problems which confront urban schools. Well, I do. Mr. Schrag is invited to visit my Opportunity Class at P.S. 20 in the Bronx. . . . Believe me, it is possible, as Kohl points out in his book, to move these children.

Fourthly, Mr. Schrag mentions something about the complex problems posed by decentralization. He says, "Ultimately, urban politics—real ward politics—and community action, rather than our traditional classroom, may well be our greatest educational resource and the most effective device for achieving social mobility." If by this he means that when, and if, slum children have parents, or at least people they respect, telling them to learn, then learning will take place, then I suspect he may be partially right. But if he means that we must wait for black political power before we deal with the two weak links in our system—the destructive teacher and the destructive parent—then I know he is wrong. Will Afro-American politicians be able to raise more funds than the white and black bureaucrats who now exist? Can Black Power, of itself, find the resources to deal with the jobless fathers, fatherless children, and aspirationless humans who now inhabit our slums? Ultimately, the change must be in the whole American political and economic setup. It is possible that, if the Negroes and other ethnic groups in our cities could stop the infighting and rally behind the wisdom of men like Bayard Rustin, we would be able to get down to the nitty-gritty.

LEONARD DAVIDMAN
Bronx, New York

Query

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

According to the provisions of his will, the personal archive of Martin Buber has been transferred to the Hebrew National and University Library, Jerusalem. Classification of the material has shown that the archive contains only a few copies of letters written by Buber himself. We therefore appeal to owners of such letters to be kind enough to place them at our disposal—either in the original or in photocopy. If desired, expenses entailed in forwarding letters will be reimbursed. In the event of publication of such letters, authorization will be requested.

[Prof.] ERNST SIMON
The Hebrew University
Jerusalem, Israel

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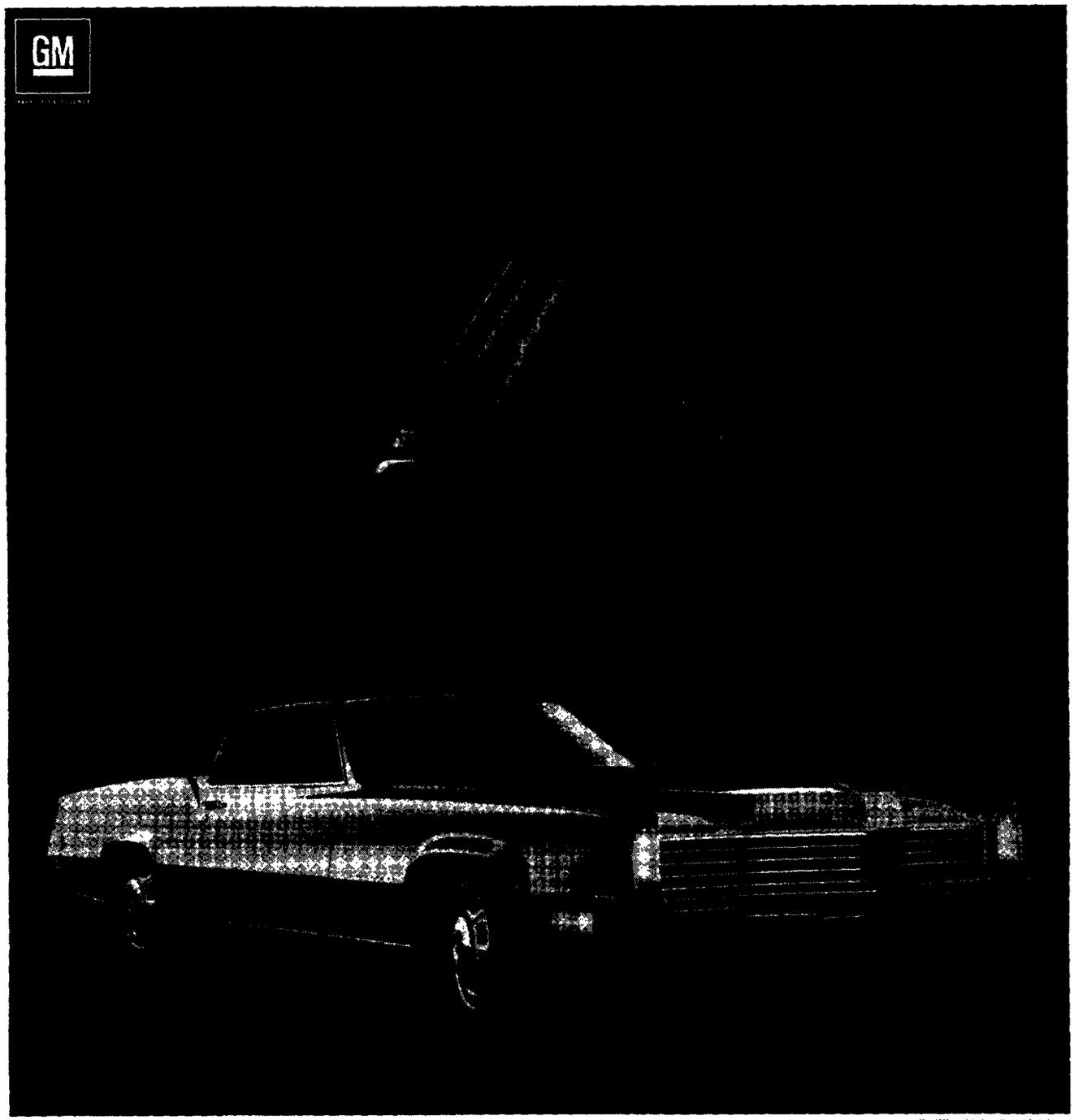

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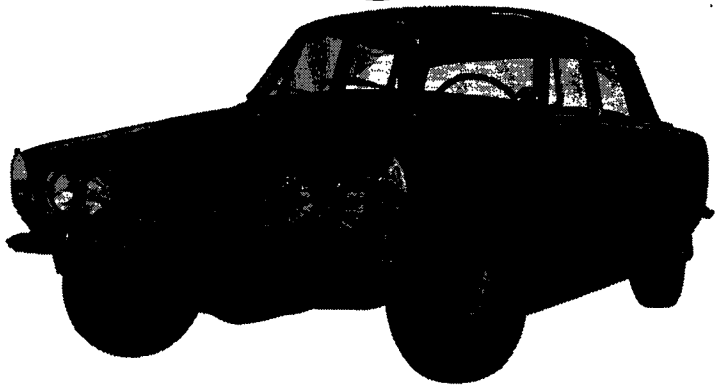

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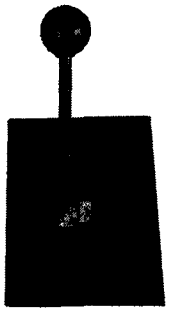

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Vietnam & American Politics

Theodore Draper

Few events pose a dilemma of deeper concern to America's liberal community than the forthcoming Presidential election. In an attempt to air the issues involved, COMMENTARY *has inaugurated this department—to run regularly until October—as an ongoing forum in which differing opinions will be voiced concerning the options available to the responsible liberal voter. "Vietnam and American Politics," by* THEODORE DRAPER, *the eminent political historian and critic, is the first in this series of statements; we invite letters and comments from our readers on the points raised by Mr. Draper, as well as those to be discussed by subsequent contributors.*

WHAT IS an opponent of U.S. policy in Vietnam to do in the 1968 Presidential election?

The reader will note that this question does not ask whether one should or should not be an opponent of the American war in Vietnam. I have already stated my view of the war at length—that it is a political debacle, a military folly, and a moral disgrace. Nothing that has happened in the past few months has made me change my mind. On the contrary, it has become clearer than ever that the Johnson administration is determined to come out of this war with something that it can claim to be a military "victory" or at least a setback for the Vietnamese Communists, no matter how much of South and North Vietnam must be destroyed in the process. It has become a war to save American pride and prestige, not to save the Vietnamese people from Communism or from anything else. As long as the only thing that stands between the Vietnamese people and Communism is a huge American army of occupation, the United States is only buying time in South Vietnam at an exorbitant cost. The conditions which breed anti-Americanism are being burned into the Vietnamese consciousness more and more deeply, and as matters stand now, the Communists will be the long-term beneficiaries of this partly manifest, partly subterranean, but always spreading anti-Americanism.

It has become a commonplace that it is hard to say anything new about the war itself. This may be true, but it is no reason for not remembering or reiterating some old things about the war. President Johnson would like to wage the Vietnamese side of this Presidential campaign by getting the electorate to vote on a very simple question: Do you wish to lose or win the Vietnamese war? But the problem is not so simple. Where to draw the line between not losing and winning? After a country has invested so much in a war, it cannot justify the expenditure without having something to show for it. The promising overture by North Vietnamese Foreign Minister Nguyen Duy Trinh on January 28, 1967, when he said that unconditional cessation of the bombing and "all other acts of war" against North Vietnam "could" bring about U.S.-North Vietnam negotiations, was brushed aside by the Johnson administration because it then believed or professed to believe that North Vietnam was on the verge of military collapse. White House special assistants and consultants spoke confidently of victory that was only weeks away. This was the real motive behind the hard line taken by the President in the exchange of messages with Ho Chi Minh in February 1967 and the sharp military escalation later that month and the next. We do not know enough to be sure whether the White House was deceiving itself, deceiving others, or both. We know that the hardest fighting and longest American casualty lists were yet to come. In January 1968, the North Vietnamese changed their negotiating position from "could" to "will," and again, almost predictably, the same counter-moves were made. Propaganda out of the Pentagon and the White House filled the newspapers with stories that North Vietnam and the Vietcong were "hurting" so much that only "disunity" in the United States caused them to go on fighting in the hope of salvaging in the United States what they had already lost in Vietnam. And, in his State of the Union message on January 18, President Johnson again took a hard line. He demanded prior assurances that talks would be "productive." He did not say productive of what. One can only assume that he meant productive of previously stated U.S. war aims, which often go as far as the assurance of "peace" in all Southeast Asia.

THERE HAS been much less real change in the Johnson administration's view of how to end the war than has sometimes appeared. The changes have been tactical rather than substantive. In 1965 and 1966, General Maxwell D. Taylor and former Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, two of the foremost architects of U.S. policy in Vietnam, openly derided the need to negotiate a peaceful settlement. They preferred to believe that the enemy's forces would simply "peter out" or "fade away." This perspective implied the application of enough military pressure to induce the enemy to give up unilaterally, and if the existing pressure was not enough, it had to be increased to an ever higher level. In 1965, Secretary Rusk referred scornfully to UN Secretary-General U Thant's efforts as "something called 'negotiation,'" and complained that it lacked a mysterious "crucial element." Later he implied that the missing element was "some private contact" which would demonstrate in advance that the settlement would be "satisfactory." Still later that year, he said that his "antennae" were waiting for a "key signal," which was none other than the "crucial element" and the "private contact" to assure satisfaction.

In his letter to Ho Chi Minh of February 8, 1967, President Johnson demanded, in effect, that North Vietnam should "fade out" of South Vietnam in exchange for U.S. cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam. And on January 18, 1968, Mr. Johnson substituted the word "productive" for Mr.

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Rusk's old term "satisfactory."* The prior condition which the Johnson administration has always demanded for negotiations would make them little more than a formality to ratify a previous assurance by the enemy that it would somehow "peter out" or "fade away." This is the political reality; the rest is public relations.

The past weighs heavily on the Vietnam problem but, if the Johnson administration has its way, it will be blotted out or distorted beyond recognition. One way to blot it out or at least to blot out that portion for which the present administration must accept specific responsibility was tried out by Under Secretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach in Oklahoma City on January 19:

> The decision to fight in Vietnam was the product of many decisions of many people over many years. Right or wrong—and I happen to think it was right—it is now too late to look for a nicer or nearer battlefield.
>
> History and circumstances have given us Vietnam as the battlefield and that is where we must make the decision which may well determine the future shape of Asia and our role in the future of Asia.

If we must blame "many decisions of many people over many years" and "history and circumstances" for the fighting in Vietnam, the role of Lyndon B. Johnson in making that decision will be gently lost in the muddle and shuffle. Mr. Katzenbach is not the first one to shift the responsibility from Mr. Johnson to others. In March 1966, the State Department issued a document entitled "The Legality of United States Participation in the Defense of Vietnam" which detailed the steps taken by former Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy but did not even mention President Johnson's name. Mr. Katzenbach is not quite that crude. He does not want us to blame Mr. Johnson for anything because he does not want to blame anyone.

This may be politics at its craftiest but it is history for the gullible. Lyndon Johnson came into office in November 1963. In a message of December 31, 1963, to General Duong Van Minh, then the strong man of South Vietnam, he stated their joint objective as "victory," a term not used by his predecessors. The "decision to *fight*" in South Vietnam was made by Johnson and Johnson alone. It may have been the "product" of many decisions of many people over many years. But "product" here means little more than that previous decisions had led part of the way to this one. But was the decision to send almost half a million troops to fight in South Vietnam inherent in those previous decisions? Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy both disclaimed any intention to take over the fight from the South Vietnamese. So casehardened and knowledgable a political figure as Senator Richard B. Russell has several times acknowledged publicly that we should never have gone in to fight. It cannot be argued, therefore, that the decision to fight was clearly and obviously inherent in previous decisions. On the contrary, it represented a qualitative leap unlike any of the previous quantitative accretions.

The behest that it is "too late" to question the advisability of this battlefield or how far we should continue to get drawn into it is designed to stifle debate on the war. Why waste time discussing something that is "too late"? Why expend energy questioning what "history and circumstances," not politicians in office, have given us? The trouble is that we cannot vote against "history and circumstances" but we can vote against politicians in office. Even if it is "too late" to undo what Lyndon Johnson and his entourage have done, it is not yet "too late" to approve or disapprove of them. We may have to live with what they have done, but we do not have to live with them.

WHEN IT IS not possible to unload the whole responsibility on "history and circumstances," the next best thing is to distort them. One of the worst offenders in this respect has been President Johnson. Since this is a serious charge, the reader has a right to demand documentation.

On December 19 of last year, the President was interviewed by three television reporters. One of them, Ray Scherer of NBC, asked him:

> Mr. President, much has been made of your 1964 campaign statement about not sending American boys to fight in an Asian war. As you look back on that now, was that a pledge, a hope, or was it simply a statement of principle in a larger context?

Mr. Johnson replied:

> It was one of many statements, if you will look back upon it, as part of a policy, namely, our policy then and now was to keep our hand out for negotiations and for discussions, and for peace, and our guard up that would support the South Vietnamese to keep them from being enveloped.
>
> We made clear that the South Vietnamese ought to pledge every resource they had, that we would never supplant them. But we would supplement them to the extent that it was necessary.
>
> We did not plan to go into Asia and to fight an Asian war that Asians ought to be fighting for themselves. But if Asians were fighting for themselves and were using all the resources that they had in South Vietnam, there was no pledge, no commitment, and no implication that we would not supplement them and support them as we are doing, and as we

*Secretary of Defense-designate Clark Clifford subsequently told the Senate Armed Services Committee that North Vietnam could continue "to transport the normal amount of goods, munitions, men to South Vietnam" in return for a cessation of the bombing which would lead to prompt and productive talks. Mr. Clifford and administration spokesmen somewhat spoiled the effect of this concession by insisting that it was merely a clarification of the U.S. position. Unfortunately, anyone old enough to read can see for himself that President Johnson's message to Ho Chi Minh of February 8, 1967, had demanded assurance that "infiltration [by North Vietnam in South Vietnam by land and by sea has stopped." One wonders what might have happened if he had written instead that "normal infiltration in South Vietnam by land and by sea might continue." Possibly nothing, but the other side would surely have recognized that the United States really wanted to negotiate itself out of the war short of an enemy capitulation or its own humiliation. The Clifford "clarification" was at least one year late and, coming on the eve of a major enemy offensive, could hardly influence immediate events. Moreover, it has no bearing on what "productive" talks are supposed to produce. The term "normal" could be infinitely troublesome. Still, this "clarification" may hold out some hope in the future if it represents a genuine desire to find a negotiating position acceptable to both sides.

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agreed to do many years before in the SEATO Treaty, and as we had agreed to do in the Gulf of Tonkin resolution before that statement.

This was Mr. Johnson's answer in full. Is it possible that he really believed in what he said? The campaign statements to which he referred were made in 1964. In that year, about the last thing our policy looked forward to was negotiations and discussions with the Vietcong or with North Vietnam. For at least the first half of 1964, the administration was still so optimistic of victory that it saw no need for negotiations or discuscussions. In March of that year, Secretary of Defense McNamara came back from South Vietnam with the good news that the then head of the military junta, General Nguyen Khanh, was just the man to defeat the Communists because he had the basic political, economic, and psychological qualifications to assure victory. It was not until that summer that some U.S. officials began to lose confidence in General Khanh and to wonder aloud whether we might not have to intervene in force to save his regime. In any event, such leading U.S. spokesmen as General Taylor and former Ambassador Lodge, as we have seen, poohpoohed negotiations or discussions all through 1965 and 1966 and expected the enemy to "peter out" or "fade away." In the summer of 1964, Secretary of State Rusk gave the total enemy force as consisting of no more than 30,000 "hard-core" Vietcong and 60,000 "sort of part-time help or casual help," with no North Vietnamese troops whatever. As Secretary McNamara and other administration officials later admitted, the South Vietnamese forces in the latter half of 1964 were collapsing from internal disintegration far more than from external pressure.

Thus the United States stepped up the war in early 1965, from bombing North Vietnam to sending tens and then hundreds of thousands of U.S. troops to South Vietnam, for exactly the opposite reason given by President Johnson. The "Asians" in South Vietnam were not fighting for themselves and not using all their resources. It is also not true that Mr. Johnson "made clear" in the campaign of 1964 that we would supplement them, but not supplant them, with our own troops if they used up all of their own resources in their own defense. As Mr. Johnson put it in August and September 1964, we intended neither to supplement nor to supplant them. This is what he said in New York on August 12, 1964:

> Some others are eager to enlarge the conflict. They call upon us to supply American boys to do the job that Asian boys should do. They ask us to take reckless action which might risk the lives of millions and engulf much of Asia and certainly threaten the peace of the entire world. Moreover, such action would offer no solution at all to the real problem of Vietnam.

And on August 29, 1964, he said in Texas:

> I have had advice to load our planes with bombs and to drop them on certain areas that I think would enlarge the war and escalate the war, and result in our committing a good many American boys to fighting a war that I think ought to be fought by the boys of Asia to help protect their own land. And for that reason, I haven't chosen to enlarge the war.

It is perfectly clear from these and other statements that Mr. Johnson did not think and did not say in 1964 that the "Asian boys" were doing all they should have been doing, that the Asians were using all their resources and, therefore, it was necessary for us merely to "supplement" them. In fact, the reasons given by Mr. Johnson in 1964 for not enlarging or escalating the war had little or nothing to do with whether the South Vietnamese were using all their resources and needed supplementation by us. To send American boys to do the job Asian boys should be doing, he said, was "reckless" because it might risk the lives of millions, engulf much of Asia, and certainly threaten world peace. In August 1964, the State and Defense Departments jointly issued a pamphlet entitled *Viet Nam: The Struggle for Freedom* which disapproved of using American combat units in what it still considered to be a guerrilla war and because they would give substance to the Communist charge that the United States was conducting "a 'white man's war' against Asians." These reasons were much larger and more fundamental than the version recently given by President Johnson to Mr. Scherer, and they have by no means lost their cogency.

Above all, can the President really believe that American troops have merely supplemented and not supplanted South Vietnamese forces in the main fighting? He must remember that the decision to increase the American troops to about 500,000 by the end of 1967 in order to enable them to take over "offensive" military operations, leaving the rear-guard "pacification" program to the South Vietnamese, was confirmed at the Manila Conference of October 1966. A UPI report published November 18, 1966, quoted the then South Vietnamese Defense Minister as saying that "the entire Vietnamese army will switch to a pacification role in 1967 and leave major fighting to American troops." As for the SEATO Treaty and the Gulf of Tonkin resolution, there was nothing in either of them which obliged us to take over the main fighting from the Vietnamese; this was a policy decision which might or might not have been made whether or not the treaty or the resolution ever existed.*

What are we to make of President Johnson's assurance in this television interview that we made clear to the South Vietnamese "we would never supplant them"? *Never*? But we have supplanted them, in the blinding refulgence of worldwide publicity, for over a

* Before leaving Mr. Johnson's 1964 statements, it may be well to point out that in his speech of August 29, which I have cited, he admitted that bombing North Vietnam and sending American boys to fight would "enlarge the war and escalate the war." Yet after doing these very things, the Johnson line changed to the dogged claim that they did not represent "escalation," that they were merely more of the same thing, and "escalation" even became a forbidden word. This linguistic squeamishness would be no more than an amusing foible if it were not another example of a deliberate and persistent effort to distort the record and pretend that we have not done what we have plainly done and what President Johnson would have called it if Mr. Goldwater had done it.

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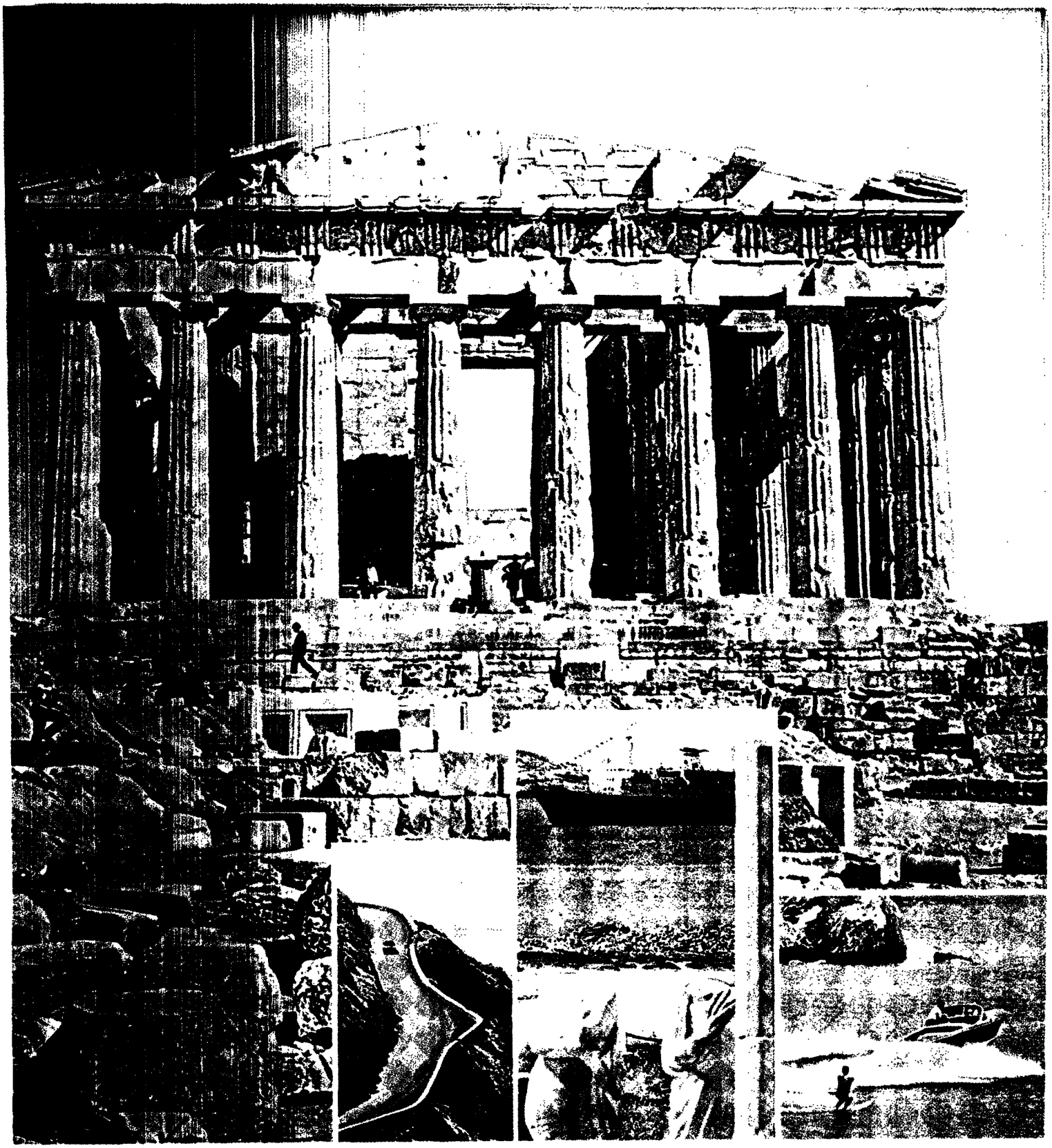

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year. One might almost suspect the mechanism of repression at work.

II

I HAVE GONE into the recent statements of Under Secretary Katzenbach and President Johnson in some detail because they indicate the problem of the forthcoming election.

That problem is how to make the record of the Johnson administration in the Vietnam war the overshadowing issue of the election. There are two sides which would not like this to happen—the Johnson administration and some of its most bitter enemies.

Mr. Johnson and his epigones have already given away their natural reluctance to stand on their record of the past five years. Whenever they refer to that record, as I have noted, they either diffuse the responsibility for the crucial decisions so broadly that this administration cannot be held accountable or they brazenly invent a record that never existed in order to escape an accounting.

The administration would infinitely prefer to make the election hinge on the future instead of the past. The great virtue of the future is that we know very little about it, and the besetting sin of the past is that we know too much about it. But what the future of our Vietnam policy should be is not altogether clear.

We are sometimes offered what may be called a "minimum program." The New York *Times* of December 20, 1967 published a statement by fourteen distinguished authorities on Asia in which they set forth a supposedly "moderate" position. However this may be, they stated the case as if it were a matter of accepting "a Communist victory in Vietnam," of "American withdrawal from Vietnam under conditions of Communist victory," of "our unconditional surrender." It is hard to see how the Communists could have been so close to victory if, as the administration told us, they had suffered such staggering losses that they would have collapsed if they could not count on "disunity" in the United States, an allegation to which the statement also partially subscribes.

On that assumption, it might have been more realistic to maintain that the issue was whether or not the Communists would accept "an American victory in Vietnam," a "Communist withdrawal from Vietnam under conditions of American victory," and "their unconditional surrender."

This statement did nothing to clarify the situation because it basically rested on the Johnson administration's contradictory propositions—the North Vietnamese and Vietcong were in such a parlous state that they were dependent on U.S. public opinion to save themselves from defeat, and the American forces were in such a parlous state that they had to save themselves from an outright Communist victory and their own unconditional surrender. These eminent authorities had as little authority as anyone else to believe in either, let alone in both, of these propositions. By giving a "moderate" version of the administration's own confusing line, they missed an opportunity to subject it to a hard, truly independent reappraisal and thus save the American people from some unpleasant future surprises.

Ever since President Johnson used the term "victory" in his message of December 31, 1963, to General Duong Van Minh, it has not been considered good form to use it in official U.S. statements. But it has always lurked just underneath the surface of the approved euphemisms, and in fact, the objective of an "American victory" goes farther than the avoidance of a "Communist victory." For the latter might be achieved by something less than an American victory just as, from the Communist point of view, the latter might be avoided by something less than a Communist victory. It is relatively easy for each side to claim that it is fighting to avert the other's total victory; the hard problem is to reach a settlement based on neither side's victory.

But an American victory in South Vietnam is not the most extreme expression of what the Johnson administration is fighting for. The Vietnamese war has been so lengthy and costly that it cannot be justified on the basis of poor little Vietnam alone. Thus it has been made the decisive battle which may, as Under Secretary Katzenbach put it, "determine the future shape of Asia and our role in the future of Asia." This can only mean that the Vietnam war belongs to a much larger effort on the part of the United States to determine the "future shape" of Asia and its own role in that future.

Official spokesmen usually stop here. But the more ardent, uninhibited, unofficial supporters of the Vietnam war go a good deal farther and spell out what may be called the "maximum program." For example, Great Britain's recent decision to withdraw its forces from Malaysia and Singapore brought forth these reflections from C. L. Sulzberger in the New York *Times* of January 19: "The United States now becomes the only naval and air power in the Far East, as totally dominant in diplomatic calculations for free Asia *vis-à-vis* China as it was, a generation ago, in diplomatic calculations for free Europe *vis-à-vis* Russia. We must now build up Asia itself, especially Japan, as we initially built up Europe." Three days later, Mr. Sulzberger predicted that U.S. foreign policy would take an "Asia-first" direction. He also called on the United States, perhaps with Soviet assistance, to stimulate the "*embourgeoisement* and preoccupation with peace" of Communist China, as we had once allegedly done for Soviet Russia.

Mr. Sulzberger's specific recommendations may not appeal to all those who agree with him in principle. It is hard to know why we have to build up Japan any more; we have passed that stage there; Japan has already gone into the next stage of rearming in preparation for a major bid in the next decade to regain some of its old influence. Nor is it altogether clear why we should claim any particular credit for Russia's "*embourgeoisement*" or even why anyone should imagine that Russia has been so preoccupied with peace, unless the profligate Russian arms handouts to Egypt, North Vietnam, and elsewhere may be taken as evidence of this curious preoccupation. Nevertheless, the bourgeoisification of China suggests how long it will take and how much it will cost to realize Mr. Sulzberger's dream in all or most of Asia. I con-

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fess that it is hard for me to take much of Mr. Sulzberger's reasoning seriously, but the basic idea is not original with him and cannot be ignored because it comes in many guises. In the "maximum program," the Vietnam war is justified, wherever it may lead, because it betokens that the United States has committed itself, in Under Secretary Katzenbach's words, to determining the future shape of Asia and our role in the future of Asia.

If this school of thought prevails, the United States will be in the grip of a second "Manifest Destiny" period. It will fatally produce more Vietnam-type wars, more crises of the sort that has blown up over the "intelligence ship" off the North Korean coast, more rationalizations for arms buildups and a bloated diplomatic and intelligence bureaucracy dependent on crises for their *raison d'être*. It is admittedly hard for a great power like the United States to come down from its preeminent and ubiquitous role in the 1950's—not from interventionism everywhere to isolationism everywhere but to a far more limited and discriminating appreciation of what it can and should do.

The "maximum program" would use Asia to make up for the slack that has developed in Europe. As an election issue, however, we will hear mostly of the "minimum program" of merely averting a crashing Communist victory in Vietnam and somewhat less of the more dashing prospect of scoring a full-fledged American victory. No politician in his right mind with a will to win can be expected to campaign on the "maximum program." But then, Lyndon Johnson ran away with the Presidency in 1964 by turning in horror from the "advice to load our planes with bombs and drop them on certain areas that I think would enlarge the war and escalate the war, and result in our committing a good many American boys to fighting a war that I think ought to be fought by the boys of Asia to help protect their own land." If the reader has become tired of having these words thrown at him, the danger is even more acute than I think it is. For if we can learn nothing from the last

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election because we have become bored with it, we are almost certainly going to have a slightly revised version of it in 1968.

III

DISSENT OR resistance? This seems to have become the choice before opponents of the Vietnam war or at least those who have not already made up their minds that the time for dissent has passed and only some form of "resistance" remains. Dissent is apparently taken to mean writing and speaking against the war; resistance means "direct action" such as non-compliance with the draft and tax refusal. Those who believe in resistance may also differ over the advisability of violent or non-violent tactics. For advocates of the latter, resistance evokes the long and honorable tradition of "civil disobedience."

There is also, I think, another distinction to be made between dissent and resistance. It may provide a larger basis for judging the utility or effectiveness of both. The essential difference is in the attitude to the American people. This more than anything else may well determine where, when, and how to draw the line between dissent and resistance.

Two tendencies that oppose the American war effort tend to ignore or write off public opinion in the United States. One is represented by those who believe, not without reason, that the pro-war forces are so strong and the masses of American people so apathetic that a sane person can only hope to save his own soul. This personal salvation may require an act of resistance, whatever its broader political consequences may be. The important thing here is to show where one stands, to free oneself from the guilt of the war, to act out a form of protest that is most uncompromising morally however effective or ineffective it may be politically. This is, to my mind, a thoroughly tenable and even admirable position as long as the same person does not imagine that he is necessarily saving anyone else's soul or even making it easier to save other souls. It is the politics of gesture, not to be confused with the gestures we are accustomed to in politics. It is essentially a private act, even if it is committed publicly. It may have public repercussions but they are at best secondary and would make little difference if they did not exist.

The other tendency for which American public opinion hardly matters is the revolutionary. Inasmuch as no one can seriously envisage an American revolution, this tendency lives vicariously—in China, in Cuba, in Vietnam, in the "underdeveloped" world. It is not anti-war; it is pro-war—the war of the Vietcong and North Vietnam. It is not against victory; it is for victory—of the Vietcong and North Vietnam. It has reversed the old Marxist view that socialism must come first in the most advanced industrialized countries; they have now been sent to the end of the line. In the U.S. the ruling class is power-mad, the middle class diseased, the proletariat corrupted. The struggle is no longer between classes but between nations, rich and poor, white and colored, or at least the latter is the latest incarnation of the class struggle.

These two tendencies have monopolized the "resistance." They are now prepared to take extreme actions and to provoke extreme reactions. They also share a contempt for the third group—those who have limited themselves to political "dissent." This group has to operate more or less within the system, whereas the other two feel compelled to operate outside the system. The opposition to the Vietnam war has thus been made up of three disparate parts which partly feed each other and partly frustrate each other. It is fair to say that there is more opposition to the war now than there has ever been, and also that the opposition has never been so divided and adrift. Before another step forward can be taken, the problem may be to find out what is wrong or at least to clear the air.

At the heart of the problem, I believe, is what objective any particular activity or group sets out to serve. Is it to sway as large a portion of the American people as possible and find the means by which they can express themselves in ways most acceptable to them? Is it to bring the war to a halt by disruptive sallies, tax refusal, draft evasion, and the like, which will somehow increase the cost of the war beyond the country's capacity? Is it to satisfy individual consciences on a collective scale? Is it to assist the Vietnamese Communists to establish their rule in South Vietnam?

The trouble is that these objectives cannot coexist peacefully together or can do so only in part. The most contradictory are the first and the last. It is not merely a political fantasy to appeal to the American people for peace on the one hand and to advocate a Communist victory on the other. It is also politically self-defeating. It equates peace with victory—but substitutes a Communist victory for an American victory. It therefore actually strengthens those who believe that the Vietnam war must end with the total victory of one side or the other. This may prove to be true, but only because both sides want it to be true, not because it is beyond human ingenuity to find a face-saving formula to end the war, whatever the ultimate fate of Vietnam may be (no settlement is going to be good for all time here or anywhere else). For this reason, Lyndon Johnson would like nothing better than to face an opposition committed to the Communist cause. It saves him the trouble of proving all his premises; it merely comes to a different conclusion.

The devotees of permanent revolution are not interested only in the Vietnamese revolution; they also have a stake in their kind of revolution in the United States. We need not stop to argue whether the United States is ripe or ready for revolution. The point here is that the tieup of peace in Vietnam with a revolutionary perspective infinitely complicates the issue as far as ordinary people are concerned. It forces them to accept or reject a peace program, unsatisfactory as it must be to both extremes, not for itself but as an adjunct to something much larger and more fundamental—the revolution. Faced with the choice of accepting both or none at all, most people, if not almost all, will decide to reject peace if it also means revolution. This is so obvious that it is not un-

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known for revolutionary movements to organize nominally independent "peace fronts" in order to seem to keep the two questions separate. The old-fashioned leagues against war and Fascism, however, were somewhat more realistic. The Communist elements in them did not come out for a Soviet victory; they maintained a semblance of sweet reasonableness. The most recently anointed revolutionists flaunt their pro-Vietcong banners in what is ostensibly a peace demonstration. The organizers of such demonstrations who cannot bring themselves to exclude the peace-by-Vietcong-victory contingent might just as logically include a peace-by-American-victory contingent.

Curiously, no one seems to question the peaceful motives of the revolutionists, but they have bestowed on themselves the right to question everyone else's motives. It is not enough to be for peace in Vietnam; one must have the correct motives and even use the authorized terminology. Anyone who says or writes "American" without following it immediately with "imperialism" cannot be trusted; in fact, he is probably a CIA agent or at least on the mailing list of the former Congress for Cultural Freedom.

Dissent and resistance, as currently interpreted, have, it seems to me, a much closer relationship. Dissent is merely the right to criticize, and we are in a much more precarious state than I think we are if it is necessary to defend it. But resistance, which is little more than the 19th century's "civil disobedience," as long as it takes the form of draft-or tax refusal and the like, also has an honored and enduring American tradition. When Thoreau was jailed for refusing to pay his poll-tax, an aunt paid it for him and succeeded in getting Thoreau released—much to his dismay. But Thoreau's protest depended not so much on how long he stayed in jail as on the demonstration that a man who was not naturally a lawbreaker and jail-inmate was willing to break the law and go to jail to wake up the nation to the full enormity of its government's pro-slavery policy at the time of the Mexican War. When men like Dr. Benjamin Spock, the Rev. William Sloane Coffin, Jr., and others, demand that they should be judged as if they had broken the law, they are also calling on their fellow-citizens to think again if men such as themselves can bring themselves to court jail to protest against this government's pro-war policy.

Those who are thinking mainly of the practical effect of their refusal to obey the draft or pay taxes are probably going to be disappointed. A government which spends about twenty-five billion dollars a year on the Vietnam war will not be deterred by what these methods can do to "increase the cost of American aggression." Resistance may be quite limited in its practical effect, but it may have much greater repercussions politically. It is, at its best, a kind of dissent dramatized by the price that dissenters may be willing to pay for their principles.

THIS MEANS that whatever the form of resistance may be, it should not be viewed as an end in itself. It must ultimately be judged by its effect on the masses of ordinary Americans, on, if you will, "public opinion" or the "electorate." Otherwise, it remains a purely private act to satisfy a personal conscience. The latter may be worth doing for its own sake, but one should not regard a private conscience as if it were a public referendum. Those who wish to act publicly must take into account the effect on the public, and some aspects of the resistance marches and demonstrations may, from this perspective, do more harm than good. At least, they need to be looked at in terms of some larger objective to justify themselves. Those who do not care whether or not they are losing touch with the American people as a whole cannot complain if the American people lose touch with them. They may, at best, succeed in saving their own souls; they may, at worst, fall into some kind of political surrealism or nihilism. But they should not deceive themselves into thinking they are forming a serious political movement.

No doubt it is hard to equilibrate principles and politics. It is never harder than in wartime. And Lyndon Johnson is determined not to make it any easier for those who wish to dissent in the American tradition. The President and Vice-President have paid lip-service to the right to dissent. But they have also tried to stifle dissent by blaming "disunity" for North Vietnam's quixotic refusal to capitulate or, as they prefer to put it, "come to the conference table." This can only mean that dissenters, not the Johnson administration's repeated miscalculations, should be blamed for increasing American casualties and war costs. Even the statement of December 20, 1967 by the fourteen American authorities on Asia, edged into this delicate area with a watered-down version of the administration's doubletalk. The real danger is not that dissent in the United States is Hanoi's last hope of avoiding defeat; this is one more in a long series of costly underestimations of Hanoi's will and ability to fight back. The real danger is what this slightly devious crackdown on dissent will do to American political traditions and the present system. For whatever the administration may say about the right to dissent, it cannot go on identifying dissent with disunity and disunity with Hanoi's only reason for fighting on without objectively implying that there is something treasonable about dissenting. It seems impossible for any nation to fight a war without a "stab-in-the-back" legend to provide an alibi for defeat or frustration, and the Vietnam war will not apparently be an exception to the rule. If dissent should become politically unsafe in the United States, some of it may be discouraged but more of it will be driven to find expression by more extreme means. The greatest damage the Vietnam war may well do is to the United States, not so much as a great power than as a free power.

IV

AS WE APPROACH the 1968 elections, all these problems will surely become more painful and perplexing. The choices of action or inaction are already clear enough, I think, to bear discussion.

But first, I should like to bring out into the open a basic premise of my own. It is this: the Vietnam war should be the overshadowing issue of the election. Of course there

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are other important domestic issues, especially those related to the Negro revolt and urban deterioration. But the Vietnam war is, I believe, in a class by itself.

It is one thing for a nation to wrestle with its own problems; it is another thing to devastate another nation. A war cannot be put on the same moral or even practical plane as a domestic predicament; the destruction and brutalization of war debases the best of causes, let alone one which was originally justified as helping the Vietnamese to help themselves and has become one of "national interest" no matter what it does to the Vietnamese. No one expects to work out our current domestic problems in less than years or even decades; the Vietnam war cannot wait that long. We can put the Vietnam war first and still deal in good time with our domestic problems; we cannot put domestic issues first and deal with the war in good time.

In fact, we can no longer deal with our domestic problems apart from the Vietnam war. The war is costing so much, it so devours the national energy, it is so divisive, that it is smothering everything else anyway. President Johnson may say that we have the resources for both winning the war and meeting our domestic obligations, but his budget belies his words. I have noticed that those liberals who call on us to support President Johnson by giving priority to domestic issues have been notably quiet about the war or have even given it their backing. If they opposed the war or felt more strongly about it, I doubt whether they would subordinate it to domestic affairs. Others may not wish to make the Vietnam war the decisive issue of the campaign, but they may recognize that it cannot be subordinated to any other. For them, too, the election may hinge on the war, if only as a relative rather than as an absolute factor.

The election poses no problems for two of the opposition tendencies —the revolutionary and the resistance. The first needs no explanation; it has a built-in aversion for the electoral process—unless, of course, the Communists and their satellite parties get 99.8 per cent of the vote against no opposition,

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as happened in North Vietnam in 1960. The second tendency, however, is more complicated. Some or all of it has been driven into "direct action" because it has not found a meaningful outlet in the present system as managed by Lyndon B. Johnson. It would apparently take the election seriously if it could be assured of an opportunity to choose between sufficiently distinguishable candidates and policies.

Unfortunately, the alternative to the election may not be much more "meaningful" than the election itself. If ending the war depends on those who resist the draft, the end could be just as far away—or farther—than any conceivable change of policy brought about by a perceptible shift in public opinion or electoral returns. It should also not be disregarded that resistance methods make it easier for the administration to change the subject—from that of opposing the war to that of breaking the law. If enough people were prepared to break the law to end the war, this would not be a serious drawback. But if that many people were prepared to end the war, it might not be neccessary to break the law.

I respect those who, for the best of motives, have decided in the tradition of Thoreau not to pay their taxes as a way of protesting against the war. I cannot, however, respect their judgment if they think it will effectively bring the war-machine grinding to a halt for lack of funds. Even more important is the question of what the personal act means publicly.

The so-called resistance has a tendency to turn inward. The slogan "from dissent to resistance" implies that dissent has failed to move the people at large and, therefore, those willing to take the risk of resistance must do the job all by themselves. Words having failed, "action" must take over, as if words were not a form of action and as if the only actions which could do much good in the present circumstances were not the kind that speak louder than words. If "action" merely represents a desperate resort to force, pitting the "force" of the resistance against the force of the state, it may make martyrs but it has little chance of achieving its purpose, which is, after all, stopping the war. The only objective it will almost certainly achieve is that of turning a portion of the opposition into a morally self-satisfied but ultimately impotent cult, as all movements which separate themselves from the masses of ordinary people turn into. Whatever the act of resistance, it is not as important as the attitude that informs and guides it. Is the intent to move or to bypass the people, common and uncommon? This is a different kind of test than that of legality or illegality or of how "costly" it may be to the government. It is not, I think, a test which all resistance actions have passed.

The difference in attitude also derives from different views of the problem. For some on both sides of the issue, the Vietnam war has taken on an apocalyptic quality. It is regarded as if it were the first or last war of its kind, as if the fate of humanity were going to be determined here and now, as if no other nation had committed such a sin and had recovered from it, and as if no other nation today were capable of it. The United States has already had a long and checkered career in these matters, and the struggle to make it live up to its own ideals will probably never end. Some have lived through four wars, many through three, all of them different, in which the United States played different roles. When history is foreshortened, and Vietnam is made to represent the single, ultimate evil, there is a tendency to want to do too much too quickly, even if all we succeed in doing is too little too late. But if, in historical perspective, we face the larger problem of the United States' place in a changed world, a problem which the Vietnam war has brought to an acute and bloodstained stage but which will manifest itself beyond the war, however it may end, we must gird ourselves for a longer struggle. In that struggle, the final word may well be said not by those who are at present dissenting, resisting, or revolutionizing but by the slower and more determining shift of public opinion and popular pressure. Those who think that the final word should already have been said yesterday will, of course, not be persuaded of this course. But those for whom tomorrow always comes, bringing with it new forces and new opportunities, will go on dissenting and dissenting and dissenting as long as this is one of the relatively few countries in which it is still possible to dissent and dissent and dissent, especially in wartime.

V

From this point of view, the next Presidential election does not pose an easy problem. Those who expect too much from it are doomed to disappointment, and those who expect too little will get nothing out of it.

There is not on the horizon anything resembling a clear-cut confrontation of opposing views on the war. On the Republican side, no one seems to take Governor George Romney very seriously, want him very much, or know what he would do if by some chance he were nominated and elected. Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who is waiting for his foes in the party to beg him to run, has far broader appeal. He was last on record with a vigorous pro-war position, but he has managed to retain his potential as a candidate by not repeating it and, indeed, by not saying anything at all on the subject for about three years. No doubt Mr. Rockefeller will call on his fellow-citizens to rise to the highest moral standards the next time he runs for office.

On the Democratic side, Senator Robert F. Kennedy has pledged himself not to oppose Mr. Johnson "under any foreseeable circumstances." Presumably this means that Mr. Kennedy might change his mind in some unforeseeable circumstance, such as a decision by Mr. Johnson not to run. Since this would remove the problem, we need not seek the solution. Senator Eugene McCarthy has pledged himself to oppose Mr. Johnson under the all too foreseeable circumstances, which is to say that he does not stand a chance. Nevertheless, Mr. McCarthy has spoken out more clearly than any other would-be candidate against the Vietnam policy, even though he has not passed the purity test of the most high-minded resistance. Instead of lamenting that there are not enough McCarthys in American politics today, it prefers to complain that the

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one we have does not go far enough. The question it might ask itself is: How can a sufficiently broad, popular, anti-war movement be built, if everyone must be to the Left of Eugene McCarthy?

This brief survey apparently leaves us with Lyndon B. Johnson for the Democrats and Richard M. Nixon or Ronald Reagan for the Republicans. Since Nixon and Reagan have staked out for themselves more or less the same political ground, we may for the sake of simplification reduce the Republican option on the right to Nixon, to whom some observers have already conceded the nomination.

If Nixon needed any help to get the Republican nomination, we may be sure that Johnson would be glad to oblige. For it cannot be doubted that Nixon is Johnson's favorite Republican opponent. A Nixon candidacy would at one stroke save Johnson the trouble of explaining, over and over again, how he came to supply American boys to do the job that Asian boys should do, to take reckless action which might risk the lives of millions and engulf much of Asia and certainly threaten the peace of the entire world. For every such unguarded statement by Johnson, there must be a dozen by Nixon. The latter could make the famous problem of Johnson's "credibility" vanish as if by magic. Indeed, Nixon might very well enable Johnson to reproduce the conditions of his 1964 triumph. Nixon would make the perfect stand-in for the former Republican candidate, Barry Goldwater, who was guilty, according to Johnson, of having dispensed his wisdom prematurely.* The *Pueblo* affair has already given us an idea of how history might be made to repeat itself. Nixon could think of nothing better than to criticize the Johnson administration for having committed an "incredible blunder," which may be true but hardly befit the Vice President of the administration which was responsible for the incredible U-2 incident. What Lyndon Johnson needs, then, is a Republican candidate who would make him again look like a "moderate" or the "lesser evil," especially in foreign policy. If he did not have a Nixon, he would have to invent him.

What worked in 1964 might conceivably work in 1968, but it can never again carry conviction. It would merely represent a more dangerous debasement of the entire electoral process. It is a harsh fact that the technique of Johnson's victory in 1964 has cast an ominous shadow over the 1968 election. If Johnson could defeat Goldwater by persuading a majority of the electorate that he would not bomb North Vietnam or send American boys to fight in South Vietnam, and then in a matter of weeks after the election order the bombing and send the boys, there is nothing he can say in the next election that can make any difference. Whenever he tries to explain his actions, he merely succeeds, as we have seen, in making a bad situation worse. It is, indeed, a national misfortune that a President seeking reelection should have put himself in such an invidious position.

If Johnson and Nixon should run, then, the 1968 election will not be one of the more inspiring manifestations of the American political process. It will surely encourage every variety of political revulsion and cynicism, and many voters will see no reason for bothering to go to the polls. As long as Johnson can control the Democratic and someone like Nixon the Republican nomination, it is hard to see how the election can lend itself to anything of a very positive nature.

But there may be another way to look at the problem.

Elections in any event rarely settle anything positively. As far as I can see, the only thing that can be demonstrated in this election is this: a man who leads his country and his party into a misadventure on the scale of the Vietnam war will not be reelected President of the United States. If the 1968 election demonstrated nothing else, it would still be highly significant historically. From this view, personalities are not so important. Whoever Mr. Johnson's successor may be, he would not be able to disregard the fact that he owed his good fortune to the repudiation of the Johnson administration rather than to his own peculiar virtues. The American political system, for better or worse, does not enable us to vote for a candidate of our own choosing. It would be far better, of course, if the opposition party did not nominate Johnson's favorite Republican candidate and, thereby, presented the voters with a real choice. But that seems almost too much to hope for and, for my purpose, does not matter so much. As matters stand now, we can only seek a way of extracting as much benefit as possible from the given circumstances.

It may be argued that voting for anyone against Lyndon Johnson may be like jumping from the frying pan into the fire. This is a risk which must be taken unless we wish to remain in the frying pan. American politicians of both parties are not so different that there is any good way of knowing which one will prove to be the frying pan and which one the fire. The only ones Governor Reagan has disappointed in California are those who took his campaign speeches seriously. The main thing in the 1968 election, I venture to suggest, is to get away from what a politican says and to vote against what a politician has done. This may not be all that we should want to do, but it is the least that we can do, and it will be a more effective warning to the winner, whoever he may be, than anything else we can do. If we do it, without spreading illusions, openly and consciously, making our reasons clear, the point will not be lost on anyone. The normal voting strength of the two major parties is, moreover, close enough to get it across effectively and leave no one in doubt that Johnson's defeat was brought about by those who voted against his Vietnam policy and had no other way to vote against it. The election will serve a historically useful purpose if enough people are determined to demonstrate one thing—that no President who leads the nation into such a morass can be reelected. That lesson will not be lost on any known American politician.

* "Some of our people—Mr. Nixon, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Scranton, and Mr. Goldwater—have all, at some time or other, suggested the possible wisdom of going north in Vietnam." A few sentences later, Mr. Johnson made clear that he included "dropping bombs around" as one way of "going north" (Manchester, New Hampshire, September 28, 1964).

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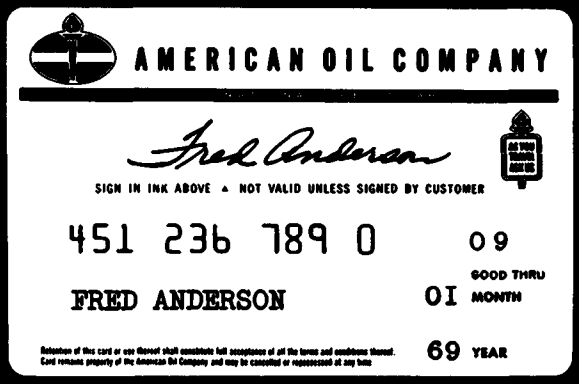

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Why Our Schools Have Failed

Peter Schrag

IN THE CONTEXT of traditional American belief, Section 402 of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 is one of the simplest, most unambiguous directives ever issued to a government agency. It instructs the United States Commissioner of Education to carry out a survey "concerning the lack of availability of equal educational opportunities for individuals by reason of race, color, religion, or national origin in educational institutions" in the United States and its possessions. Presumably, the wording of Section 402 merely pointed toward an examination of the effects of overt racial discrimination in American schools. What it produced instead was a 737-page document that demonstrated not only the ineffectiveness of schools in overcoming the handicaps of poverty and deprivation, but also the fact that no one knows what the phrase "equal educational opportunities" means, and that, given the conditions of contemporary American society, it can have no meaning. Education in America is patently unequal, it is structured to be unequal, and it can only define its successes by its failures. On the dark side of every conception of "opportunity" lies an equal measure of exclusion and rejection.

No one needs another set of statistics to prove that American Negro children—and many others—are being miseducated, that they are behind in the elementary grades, and that they fall further behind as they move through school. In the twelfth grade more than 85 per cent of Negro children score below the average white on standardized tests of achievement, their dropout rates are higher, and their self-esteem is lower. We can dispute the validity of the tests as indicators of intelligence, but there is not the slightest doubt that if they measure educational achievement, and if they predict future success in school and college (as they do), then the children of the poor minorities in America perform well below average. What the new statistics do provide is solid evidence for the repeated assertion by civil-rights leaders and others that what children learn in school are the rules and attitudes of second-class citizenship, and that the school is a highly effective mechanism not only for advancement but for selecting people out.

Historically, "equality of educational opportunity" simply demanded that all individuals were to have access to similar resources in similar public schools: where children failed, it was because of their own limitations, their lack of ambition and intelligence, not because of the inadequacies of the schools or the society. If the schools were found to favor a particular race or economic group (as they were in many of the desegregation cases), one could rectify the inequities through application of relatively simple standards: the appropriation of equal resources to the education of children of all races, the integration of schools, or the reassignment of teachers. The definition never contemplated the difficulties children might bring from home or the fact that even the best teachers and resources, according to the conventional standards, were keyed to middle-class experience, motivation, and attitude. More important, it never contemplated genuine integration: what it presumed was that only the white middle-class society offered ideals and standards of value, and that whatever the ghetto offered, or what minority children brought with them, was to be disregarded, deflated, or denied. The traditional melting pot was stirred by Protestant hands with a white ladle.

It will be years before the sociologists and statisticians get through with the data in the government's report, "Equality of Educational Opportunity" that was prompted by Section 402. The study, headed by Professor James S. Coleman of the Johns Hopkins University, was eighteen months in the making, cost $2 million to produce, and included data on 600,000 children and 60,000 teachers in 4,000 schools. It is written, as Christopher Jencks said, "in the workmanlike prose of an Agriculture Department bulletin on fertilizer," and it is so thoroughly crammed with tables, regression coefficients, and standard deviations as to make all but the most passionate statisticians shudder. (Ultimately, it turned out, even some of the statisticians began to shudder.) Nonetheless, the Coleman Report has probably become the most influential educational study of the decade. It formed the basis of the recent report of the United States Civil Rights Commission, "Racial Isolation in the Public Schools," it provided am-

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munition for a federal court opinion on segregation in the Washington schools, it is the topic of conferences and seminars, it is endlessly quoted at meetings, and it became the subject of a year-long study at Harvard under the direction of Daniel P. Moynihan and Thomas Pettigrew (who also wrote the Civil Rights Commission Report). It may be a measure of the times that, where forty years ago we produced educational philosophy and ideology, we are now producing statistics.

The Coleman Report comes to two central conclusions:

(1) That the most significant determinant of educational success (as measured by standardized tests of mathematical and verbal performance) is the social and economic background of the individual student, that formal instructional inputs—which are not as unequally distributed between races as supposed—make relatively little difference, and that the social and economic composition of fellow students, not materials or libraries, is the most important in-school resource.

(2) That children from disadvantaged backgrounds (regardless of race) benefit from integration with advantaged kids (regardless of race), but that the latter are not harmed by such integration. Proper integration mixes rich and poor and produces a general social gain: the poor learn more; the performance of the rich does not go down.

The Coleman conclusions substantiate propositions that have been gaining currency in the last few years. If racial integration is pedagogically desirable, then clearly social and economic integration, and the interplay of cultural styles, are even more important. Poor blacks and whites can learn from each other, but rich and poor—under the proper conditions—can benefit even more. The Report's conclusions on the impact of teachers are not entirely clear, but they do indicate that good teachers and effective educational environments are more important to the disadvantaged than to those who have access (in the home, for example) to other resources. Even so, teachers, libraries, laboratories, and other formal inputs are not as important as fellow students.

Carried to its ultimate, the Coleman Report seems to indicate that schools make relatively little difference, except as a place where kids learn from each other, and that money spent in improving them is likely, at best, to yield marginal results. The first temptation, of course, is to dismiss that assertion as an absurdity: we take it as an article of faith that the public school has always been the great American social instrument, the device that converted the raw material of immigration into an endless stream of social success. Now, oddly enough, the school seems to be failing in the very functions on which its reputation has always been based. It does not seem to be able to bring the most indigenous and American of all "immigrants" into the mainstream or even to give them the educational qualifications that life in the mainstream requires. Given the insights of recent experience, we might now properly ask whether the school was ever as successful or important in the process of Americanization and education as the history textbooks sentimentally picture it. With the possible exception of the Jews, did the school ever become a major avenue of entry for the ethnic minorities of the urban centers? How effective was it for the Irish, the Italians, the Poles? Was it the school or the street that acculturated our immigrants? What about such Americanizing institutions as the political ward, the shop, and the small town? A half-century ago American society provided alternatives to formal education, and no one became officially distressed about dropouts and slow readers. Now the school has become *the* gatekeeper to advancement, and while it is being blamed for obvious failures, it may actually be doing better than it ever did before.

And yet, despite the accumulation of studies and statistics, we still don't know how much difference formal instruction makes, except to amplify characteristics that have already been determined somewhere else. The Coleman *conclusions* indicate that it doesn't make much difference, but here semantic problems and statistical difficulties begin to get in the way. What the Coleman group did was, in essence, to take schools with students of similar background and try to determine how much difference varying inputs seemed to make. (E.g., given two all-Negro schools, did childen in the school where teachers had better training, higher degrees, for example, perform better than those in the other school?) In controlling for student background, however, Coleman and his colleagues may have underestimated the crucial fact that almost all schools are internally harmonious systems, and that where children come from disadvantaged backgrounds their teachers are also likely, in some respects, to be disadvantaged. Two economists, Samuel Bowles of Harvard and Henry M. Levin of the Brookings Institution, point out in the *Journal of Human Resources** that if the methodology of the study had been reversed, so would the conclusions: that is, if Coleman had controlled for such educational inputs as teacher training, the social background of the students would have appeared to make little difference. They point out, moreover, that Coleman's Report, despite the vast sample, was unavoidably biased through the refusal of many school systems to furnish data: suburban systems were statistically over-represented while big cities, which have the

* "The Determinants of Scholastic Achievement—An Appraisal of Some Recent Evidence," Winter 1968.

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most severe problems, were under-represented. The most vicious attribute of urban school systems, until recently, has not been their consistent failure with the disadvantaged, but their refusal to produce honest data on that failure. In case after case, they pretended (perhaps because of the historical definition of "equality") that, despite statistical evidence to the contrary, it was individual children, not schools, that failed. Bowles and Levin contend, moreover, that the Coleman Report's conclusions that teachers' traits (verbal facility, educational level, etc.) are relatively unimportant is not supported by the data, which suggests exactly the opposite; that the Report's data on the importance of class size are useless, and that its conclusions about the effect of integration are questionable since "the processes of residential and academic selection imply that those Negroes who attend predominantly white schools are drawn largely from higher social strata." In brief, integration is educationally effective among those who are already educationally and socially "advantaged."

The most significant difficulty, however, is one that the Coleman Report did not create and cannot solve. What does equality mean in education? Does it mean that the average Negro should be *doing* as well as the average white, and that the resources devoted to his education should be improved until he does? Or does it point to some sort of parity in resources? Or to something else? Coleman himself said that the focus of his report was not on "what resources go into education, but on what product comes out." He then goes on to say (in an article in *The Public Interest**) that "equality of educational opportunity implies not merely 'equal' schools but equally effective schools, whose influences will overcome the differences in starting point of children from different social groups."

Pedagogically and politically, Coleman's suggestion is pleasant, impossible, and probably undesirable. Pleasant because it has a nice democratic ring, impossible because the haves in the society won't allow it to happen, undesirable because it assumes that all social and cultural differences should be equalized away, that Negro children (or Chinese or Jews) have nothing to offer *as Negroes* except problems and disadvantage, and that their culture (or perhaps even their genes) gives them nothing special that might be socially, educationally, or personally valuable. A Negro in this context is nothing but a disadvantaged white.

Since we are now beginning to discover the crucial importance of the very early years of childhood, it is likely that we can achieve a greater measure of equality—to narrow the gap between the advantaged and disadvantaged. More effective preschool programs, and a general extension of the social responsibility of the school for children from deprived homes, may make the classroom more effective. But the matter of achieving genuine equality is another question.

As to the politics: the most effective way that a middle-class parent can endow his children is by buying them a superior education, by giving them the head start his advantages can provide, and he is not likely to run slower to let the poor catch up. Given Coleman's standards, the only way to determine whether schools "overcome the differences in starting point of children from different social groups" is when Negro children from Harlem do as well in College Board scores or reading achievement as whites from Scarsdale. Yet when that happens, Scarsdale will have lost its reason to exist. Is the average white afraid of integration or "equality" only because the Negroes would, as he often says, "drag down the standards" or also because, ultimately, they might succeed? What would happen if the prep schools and suburban high schools, let alone the Ivy League universities, were no longer a guarantee of advantage and ultimate success? What if the game were genuinely open? It has often been said that American economic viability depended in part on the existence of a class of individuals who were available for the dirty jobs that the society requires (try the suggestion that we guarantee everyone a living wage, and listen to the prophecies of economic doom), but is it not equally conceivable that, for many, self-esteem and success are themselves defined by the failures of others? We can assert that technology is taking us to some sort of economic nirvana in which menial work is superfluous and we will no longer require Negroes to do it. And yet, doesn't the psychology of success always require a class of failures, and aren't the black, by virtue of their cultural inheritance, always the best candidates? Can we ever maintain a middle class without a lower class, or does it thrive, like Alcoholics Anonymous, on the continued presence of a group of people who, it is assumed, need reform, and from whose failures the successful can draw esteem? Even if we dismiss that as the bleakest kind of cynicism, we are still confronted by the difficulty of a system where cash and power are convertible into educational assets, where educational assets are, in turn, the major qualifications for entry into the life and prerogatives of the middle class, and where the poor have neither. No governmental program is likely to alleviate the inequities.

As to the pedagogy: Coleman's assumption in talking about the different starting points of children "from different social groups" is that all talent is equally distributed through the population, and that inequities are generated only by social, rather than ethnic or cultural characteristics. The

* "Toward Open Schools," Fall 1967.

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current evidence seems to make the assumption doubtful: it points, indeed, to a very different course of action from the one Coleman advocates. For years there was a lot of condescending talk about the attributes and activities of different ethnic groups (all Jews were tailors, the Chinese ran laundries, the Negro had "rhythm"), and we properly reacted with egalitarian indignity when we decided how silly and pernicious that talk had become. Are we now going overboard the other way by suggesting that all talents and interests, of whatever kind, are distributed absolutely equally through the different ethnic sectors of the population? In establishing criteria for academic success —indeed for social success generally—are we emphasizing certain skills and measures at the expense of others that may be equally valuable not only to the individual's personality and self-esteem but to the society generally? In a recent article in the *Harvard Educational Review*,* Susan S. Stodolsky and Gerald Lesser report on research that indicates that the relative strengths and weaknesses in different attributes remain constant for various ethnic groups, regardless of whether they are middle- or lower-class. Jews, for example, score higher, relative to the general population, in verbal ability than they do in space conceptualization. For Chinese children, the relative strengths and weaknesses in verbal ability and space conceptualization are reversed. (Similarly, Negroes seem to perform somewhat better in arithmetic skills and space conceptualization than they do in verbal tests; for Puerto Ricans, the pattern is almost the reverse.) Although middle-class children score higher in *all categories*, the relative ethnic differences are not eliminated. To Lesser and Stodolsky, these findings suggest new distinctions, definitions, and a new course of action. To Coleman's call for equalization, they want to add what they consider the equally important objective of diversification, of trading on the strengths of different ethnic groups, and helping them to develop those strengths to the maximum. "Beyond deploying all necessary resources to achieve minimal equality in essential goals, further development of students may well be diverse," they write. "Following our principle of matching instruction and ability we incidentally may enhance the initial strengths which each group possesses. For example, through the incidental enhancement of the space-conceptualization skills of the Chinese children, we may produce proportionally more Chinese than Jewish architects and engineers. Conversely, through incidental enhancement of verbal skills of the Jewish children, we may produce proportionally more Jewish than Chinese authors or lawyers." There is no suggestion here about producing a Jewish or a Chinese curriculum; what they do propose is tailoring the mode and techniques of instruction to the strengths of particular children.

Studies like this are a long way from producing comprehensive solutions, but they demonstrate how complex the problem has become, how little we know about learning, and how ineffective most current remedial programs seem to be. One of the difficulties, indeed, is determining just what the problem really is. The Coleman Report, whatever its weaknesses, has made the definitional problem painfully clear. When we talk about the education of Negroes, or urban schools, or the ghetto, are we talking about ethnic minorities, a social class, or simply the universal difficulties of operating effective schools, no matter who their pupils happen to be? Clearly there is validity in the charge that some teachers are racially and socially biased, and that the phrase "cultural disadvantage" can be used, like assertions about Negro inferiority, as an excuse for failure, a cop-out for bad teachers. The psychologist Kenneth B. Clark has often pointed out that statements about uneducable children tend to become self-fulfilling prophecies, and that teachers who talk this way don't belong in the classroom. At the same time, it's hard to believe that the same attitudes don't operate in classrooms full of lower-class Italians or Appalachian mountaineers, or that the Protestant schoolmarms of the year 1900 were altogether openminded about the Jews and the Catholics.

BEFORE ANYONE comes back with the declaration that "we made it on our own, why can't they?" let's quickly add that the economy that permitted making "it" on one's own is dead and gone, and that when it comes to many contemporary school systems, *all children* tend to be disadvantaged. What I'm suggesting is that many schools are not educational but sociological devices which destroy learning and curiosity and deny differences as often as they encourage them, and which value managerial order above initiative, good behavior above originality, and mediocrity above engagement. (Yes, of course, there are exceptions.) All too often, they demand styles of behavior antithetical not only to social and ethnic minorities, but also to most other original or "difficult" children, no matter what their background. They are instruments of social selection and as such they screen out misfits for the middle class, regardless of race, color, or national origin. In performing this function, every guidance counselor becomes an immigration officer and every examination a petition for a passport. Lower-class youngsters, wrote Edgar Z. Friedenberg in *The Vanishing Adolescent*, "are handy with their fists and worse; but they are helpless in the meshes of middle-class administrative procedure and are rapidly neutralized and eliminated by it. . . . They quickly learn that the most terrifying creatures are

* "Learning Patterns in the Disadvantaged," Fall 1967.

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those whose bite passes unnoticed at the time and later swells, festers, and paralyzes; they cannot defend themselves against the covert, lingering hostility of teachers and school administrators." This hostility, says Friedenberg, is generated by a reaction to the personal intensity of young men and women who resist personal repression offered in the name of adjustment. "Any individual through whom subjective intensity may intrude into the processes of bureaucratic equilibrium is extremely threatening to our society." The school, in short, is not an instrument of pluralism, but of conformity. It turns out shoddy goods for the dime store trade; its teachers are not professionals but petty civil servants who teach children to deny their own instincts and honesty, teach them little tricks of evasion, and reject those who are not acceptable for the mold. While the deviants of the upper class may have access to special schools in the suburbs or the hills of New England, the poor have no choice: the law *requires* them to go to one particular school in one community which, as often as not, treats them as inmates. The school in this instance becomes a sort of colonial outpost manned by a collection of sahibs from downtown. Their idea of community relations is telling parents to encourage their kids to stay in school, help them with their homework, and live the life of Dick and Jane. As a result, the neighborhood school is in, but not of or by the neighborhood.

Given these conditions and the failures of the ghetto schools, the current demands for decentralization and community control are hardly surprising. There is nothing radical about them, except in the view of school personnel who have been trained to suspect community pressure and who regard any overt mixture of politics and education as the ultimate evil. The advocates of decentralization, who feel that ghetto parents should have as much control over the education of their children as the parents of the small suburb, see political action as the only way to make the school effective and responsible: the issue is not a black principal or a black curriculum for their own sake, but making the schools accountable, and developing the sense of participation that is expected to come with it. If parents are involved, they may provide the interest and support that the education of their children requires. The schools will then become *their* schools, the teachers *their* teachers. A principal working for parents is going to try harder than one who is responsible only to bureaucrats downtown.

For many militants, the appeal of decentralization—as an essential component of community power (read Black Power, if preferred)—is extremely powerful. At the same time, the concept of decentralization suffers from some serious ambiguities. There are people like Roy Innis, a leader in CORE, who favor a single Negro school district in Harlem, a system as distinct from that of New York City as the schools of Buffalo. For most others, including white liberals, the model is a collection of small districts, each hopefully resembling those of the suburbs or the small town, each immediately accessible to the parents and community. The difference between the two is as large as the difference between Thomas Jefferson and John C. Calhoun: One visualizes a thoroughgoing decentralization—educational federalism; the other calls forth the ghost of the doctrine of the concurrent majority. It is based on the presumption that the Negro community is as distinct from the mainstream as the peculiar institution which helped give it birth and on which Calhoun founded his brand of separatism more than a century ago. Both suffer from what may be an excessive belief in the power of formal education and a conviction that racism and bad intentions, rather than educational incompetence, are the major sources of educational inadequacy.

YET IF THIS were the whole problem—if teachers and schools were guilty of nothing more than middle-class bias or political irresponsibility toward the poor—the situation would not be as difficult as it is. Even if one grants the possibility of effective decentralization as a *political* solution (assuming that parents can run schools without turning them into political battlegrounds or hothouses of nepotism), what of the educational solutions? The pressure for decentralization does not stem from some specific educational program that large systems refuse to adopt and which the militants consider appropriate to the problems of their neighborhoods and children. Indeed, if the Coleman Report has any validity—and there is little reason to doubt that children from different social backgrounds do learn from each other—then decentralization, which will help institutionalize segregation, is a step backward. Thus, the Bundy Report, which outlines a plan of decentralization for New York City, and the Coleman Report, one might think, were composed on different planets.

The great possibility of decentralization (in New York, the proposal is to establish between thirty and sixty semi-autonomous districts) is not some large educational breakthrough, but no more, and no less, than the immediate objective itself: giving the community a greater sense of participation and voice in the management of one of its institutions. (In this respect, it is no different from increasing community control over planning, street-cleaning, or the administration of the local precinct of the police.) It is thus a revolt against the "professionals"—the people who took charge, in the name of reform and good government, and apparently failed to deliver the goods. In its unwillingness to trust the experts, the demand for de-

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centralization is frontier populism come to the city, a rejection of outside planning and expertise. Parents whose children attend decentralized schools may (with luck) learn more about political action and school management than their children learn about reading or mathematics: so far, at any rate, the chances for the first outweigh those of the second. The mystery of power is, for the moment, more fascinating than the problems of instruction.

THE FACT IS that no one, in the ghetto or out, has yet developed a vision of what the ghetto schools ought to do, how they should operate, or what an educated Negro child ought to be if he is to be something different from a dark-skinned middle-class white. The existing ghetto schools fail Negroes not so much because they are different from all other schools—as the integrationists once assumed—but because they are too much like them. Local control may introduce diversity and new ideas, but those changes are far from clear. At this point there are few alternative models to the existing public-school program. The current talk about relevance in Negro education —about more Afro-Americanism in the curriculum, about Negro history, about urban problems—and the peripheral efforts to use the arts (painting, the dance, music) as ways of engaging children's interests have not taken us very far toward genuine educational integration, toward the point, that is, where ghetto children have the skills to compete effectively in the larger world. It has been said again and again that conventional instruction in formalized academic skills is difficult for children whose lives provide few examples of the value of formal education and little reinforcement for work that might pay off in some vague abstract future. Middle-class kids are, in some measure, to the manner born, and they find plenty of reinforcement around them: they often succeed regardless of school. For many ghetto children, instruction, to be successful, has to be immediately attractive or interesting. (There are, to be sure, many ghetto children from families whose ambitions are identical to those of the middle class.) Whether or not "enjoyment," as someone said, "is a prerequisite to competence," it is plain that skills for the larger world may appear only remotely valuable in the immediate life of a child. The humanity of children may be very distant from the problems of negotiating the economy. The problem is how to get from one to the other.

The proposals for solving the problem are endless and, as might be expected, they are often contradictory. There is no consistent Negro demand in education, any more than there is a white one. Some Negro parents are as committed to authoritarian teachers and rote learning as the village schoolmarm; others regard them as racially repressive and pedagogically useless. (Most Negro parents are probably as conservative about education as any others.) I suspect that part of the anger and frustration in all racial school disputes stems from the inability of the parties to be entirely clear about what they want. Should the schools be more middle class, more white than white, turning out suburban doctors and lawyers, or should they be training men and women who can cope with the outside world but whose energies are directed to the black community and whose loyalties remain in the ghetto? (The controversy is similar to a conventional school debate between advocates of vocational training and college preparation, but the race aspect charges it with explosive overtones.) Whatever the position, the issue is clear: almost inevitably it revolves around the problem of moving the child from where he is to the larger world—resolving the inconsistencies between the attitudes and experience of poverty and the formalized skills and motivation that the world demands. There is no disagreement anywhere that there is a common culture that demands certain levels of verbal and social ability. The question slowly emerging from the current debates, however, is whether that ability must become a universal virtue. Should we be concerned only with the preparation of economic functionaries and the development of conventional academic skills, or also with the growth of human beings whose dignity is not necessarily dependent on middle-class standards of success? Is an understanding of algebraic functions any more desirable than the ability to paint or dance? (The mandated requirements for many jobs—nursing, for example—include verbal abilities that are higher than those the job actually require; the stipulated credentials are not necessarily related to the characteristics the jobs demand.) Are we establishing norms that tend to undervalue characteristics that all of society could well use, and for which certain children might be especially well prepared, or do we have to make *all* children into replicas of the middle class?

For the next several years we are likely to hear more and more along this line. In its most extreme form, the argument says that not only is the American school an instrument of the white middle class, but that the overriding emphasis—in school and out—on high verbal and cognitive skills is itself a form of racial and social bias. The rational mind, with its emphasis on a high degree of verbal and analytical facility is, in a manner of speaking, our thing. We invented and perfected it, and for the last fifteen years most curricular reform has been directed to the task of putting a larger and more powerful dose of it into the classroom. Thus we have, even more thoroughly than before, arranged education to separate the sheep of privilege from the goats of deprivation. Increasingly, we will now have to confront questions about what

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has been excluded: Are we missing something more intuitive, personal, and intangible? Is it possible to extend the Lesser-Stodolsky kind of analysis to include—along with assessments of verbal and mathematical characteristics, and the ability to conceptualize space—things like affective and intuitive qualities, creativity, and some general feeling for the poetic, the visual, the musical?

Because these things are difficult to test, and because their cash value has usually been remote, the schools tend to disregard them, or to assign them to a secondary level of importance. Of all the things that make life rich—the arts, the various elements of literary and personal sensitivity, social and political involvement, philosophy, religion—very few have even a minimal place (except as lip service) in the public school program. One may not be able to mandate such activities in a large compulsory school system, but it is possible to offer them as alternatives to the public school, and one can conceive of all sorts of programs for doing so. The issue here is not to turn every ghetto school into an academy of the arts, but to offer diversity—teaching the skills of a trade or of an art with as much of a sense of importance as we teach mathematics or history. The objective, in each instance, is to draw upon the experiences and interests of the kids, to give them a sense of motion and relevance, and to provide choices, not only as to school and school control, but also as to style of learning. We have, with the single public system, and the instruction it offers, created a single standard of success and failure (and the large hippie element seems to indicate that the standard is not acceptable even to some of those who might meet it). Perhaps we have to recognize the principle of pluralism not only in a cultural context but in an educational one as well. A few years ago such suggestions would have been regarded as racist slurs, but it is now the black militant who regards Swahili as desirable for Negroes as Latin.

Carried to its extreme, the argument leads to a romantic trap, a wishful attempt to arm the weakest members of a technological society with the least effective weapons for dealing with it. It may be nice to think that there are dishwashers with the souls of poets (or even with the skills of poets), but that thought provides no foundation on which to base an educational system. There are, in our culture, a variety of important and rewarding functions that require no extensive verbal or mathematical skills (despite the exclusionist tendency of certain trades and professions to impose arbitrary educational standards for membership). Nonetheless, there remain certain levels of verbal ability without which few people can survive, except in the most menial situations. In our ambiguity and guilt about middle-class life, many of us hold a corresponding ambiguity about those who are left outside the mainstream: the happy hillbilly, the engagement and passion of the ghetto, the uninhibited poor. What we disregard is that, given the choice, most of them would elect to live like us; because of educational deficiencies, they do not have the choice. There is, said a Negro sociologist, only one way out of the ghetto, "and that's out." The reason, finally, that so few of them make it has little to do with differences in culture, or the fact that teachers and administrators are ignorant about the lives of the children assigned to them; it is because they still don't know how to teach. Negro schools are bad because all schools are bad. We simply don't know very much about how children learn. This is, in the end, what the Coleman Report proved. It may also be the greatest single contribution of the civil-rights movement.

But to say that greater diversity, the provision of educational options, and a new emphasis on intuitive learning can be carried to extremes is not to deny the validity of the idea, either in the ghetto or anywhere else. For the past decade we masculinized the schools with mathematics, physics, and with a variety of new toughminded curricula. Educational criticism in the next decade may well concern itself more with the soft side of things—with non-cognitive approaches, and with a reaffirmation of Deweyan ideas. There are a number of people who are talking seriously about a "curriculum of concerns," educational programs that begin with the interests and experience of kids, not with predetermined sets of skills to be learned. Most of the ghetto experiments that seem to have potential are pure Dewey: letting children talk their own stories and developing vocabulary and writing skills from them; trips to factories, galleries, and museums; stories and poems about the streets of the city, and even about addicts and junkies: These things, too, can be carried to undisciplined extremes. None is a cure-all, but nothing in education ever is. The very nature of the enterprise is unsettling and troublesome. Education and maturation mean change, and that, in turn, means dealing with new problems, new elements every day. Equality is relatively easy to define in employment, in housing, or in medicine. It is impossible to define in education because the very nature of the enterprise demands distinctions and produces diversity.

Are we then to abandon integration and concentrate exclusively on the problems of the classroom? Plainly the answer is no. No, because it still seems—at least to some of us—morally important; no, because, lacking better tools, it still appears to be an effective technique for education; no, because any alternative to integration is, despite immediate attractions to the contrary, unthinkable. Yet if integration is to have any meaning, it must be a two-way street—integration not only *between*

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races, going both ways, but also between the school and the community, school and job, culture and culture. If equality of educational opportunity means merely an effort to improve the chances of the disadvantaged to run the race on our terms, things will never be equal and whatever they have to offer will be lost. Are we really courageous enough to provide a broad range of educational options and not to worry about who's at what level in which track? Are we really interested in education or merely in grades, credits, and diplomas? In the structure of the existing school system, segregation, repression, competition, and failure are all essential parts. Every class has a bottom half, and it tends to include, numerically, as many whites as blacks. Until we are ready to stop selecting people out, almost any conception of education is going to involve some sort of segregation. Our democratic professions might be vindicated if the ranks of the successful were as well integrated as the ranks of the failures, but would that solve the problem of education? What would we do with the failures if they were a statistically average shade of tan? The fundamental issue is not the equality of Negro schools, but the lives of all young men and women, no matter what their category of stigma. "If urban educators are failing," says Robert Dentler, the director of the Center for Urban Education, "they are failing where the newly emergent culture of the urban society itself has failed to specify either ends or means for the educator or his clientele. . . . We are in a period when the place of all children in this culture is in transition." What the problem of Negro education has done, or should be doing, is to alert us to a far larger range of social and educational questions, and to the fact that the goal of maximizing human potential is still a long way off.

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List of leading nominees

National Book Awards 1968

On Wednesday, March 6th, the six winners of the 1968 National Book Awards will be announced in a presentation ceremony at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, in New York. Meanwhile, these are among the books by American authors published in the United States in 1967 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

fiction

NORMAN MAILER/Why Are We in Viet Nam?/ G. P. Putnam's Sons
JOYCE CAROL OATES/A Garden of Earthly Delights/ Vanguard
CHAIM POTOK/The Chosen/Simon & Schuster
WILLIAM STYRON/The Confessions of Nat Turner/ Random House
THORNTON WILDER/The Eighth Day/Harper and Row

arts and letters

R. P. BLACKMUR/A Primer of Ignorance/Harcourt, Brace & World
FRANK CONROY/Stop-Time/Viking Press
LEONARD MEYERS/Music, The Arts and Ideas/ University of Chicago Press
M. L. ROSENTHAL/The New Poets/ Oxford University Press
WILLIAM TROY/Selected Essays/ Rutgers University Press
STANLEY WEINTRAUB/Beardsley/George Braziller, Inc.

history and biography

BERNARD BAILYN/The Ideological Origins of the American Revolution/Belknap Press of Harvard University Press
H. W. BRAGDON/Woodrow Wilson: The Academic Years/ Harvard University Press
LOUIS J. HALLE/The Cold War as History/Harper and Row
ROGER HILSMAN/To Move a Nation/Doubleday
GEORGE F. KENNAN/Memoirs: 1925-1950/ Atlantic-Little, Brown
NATHAN SILVER/Lost New York/Houghton Mifflin Co.

science, philosophy and religion

T. DOBZHANSKY/The Biology of Ultimate Concern/ New American Library
JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH/The New Industrial State/ Houghton Mifflin Co.
JONATHAN KOZOL/Death at an Early Age/ Houghton Mifflin Co.
SUZANNE LANGER/Mind: An Essay on Human Feeling/ Johns Hopkins Press
LEWIS MUMFORD/The Myth of the Machine/ Harcourt, Brace & World

poetry

ROBERT BLY/The Light Around the Body/ Harper and Row
DENISE LEVERTOV/Sorrow Dance/New Directions
W. S. MERWIN/Lice/Atheneum
KENNETH REXROTH/The Collected Shorter Poems/ New Directions
LOUIS ZUKOFSKY/"A"1-12/Doubleday—Paris Review Editions

translation

ELAINE GOTTLIEB and JOSEPH SINGER/The Manor/ by Isaac Bashevis Singer/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
RICHMOND LATTIMORE/The Odyssey of Homer/ Harper and Row
DOUGLASS PARKER/Aristophanes: The Congresswomen/ University of Michigan Press
BARBARA SHELBY/Mother and Son/by Gilberto Freyre/ Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
ALINE B. WERTH/The Deserted House/ by Lydia Chukovskaya/E. P. Dutton & Co.

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of six $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, the association of American University Presses, the Book Manufacturers' Institute, and the National Translation Center.

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The Israeli Occupation

Amos Elon

NINE MONTHS AFTER the Six-Day War, the occupied territories are still a kind of popular sensation in Israel, a source of pride and a headache. For some, the occupation has proved that Jews can be as beastly as others; for others, it has proved the exact opposite. But for most Israelis, it has above all provided a seemingly inexhaustible tourist attraction. Hotels in the traditional vacation grounds of Israel—Eilat, Haifa, and Safed—were half-empty last fall; bitterly complaining owners resorted to what is by now the almost automatic reaction of Israeli businessmen in trouble: an appeal to the government for subsidies.

But into the occupied areas of Hebron, Bethlehem, Nablus, Ramallah, and the Gaza Strip, Israelis pour by the tens of thousands on weekends and holidays. The military permit system, having broken down under the sheer weight of "*protectsia*" (Hebrew slang for "pull" or connections in high places), has been abolished altogether on the West Bank and in the Gaza Strip. There are still customs checkpoints, however; since Israel's extremely high import duties have not been levied in the occupied territories, returning cars are searched for television sets, English woolens, Japanese tape recorders. But travel back and forth is free, upon presentation of an identity card or passport. One index of the extreme popularity of the occupied territories as a tourist attraction is the fact that Israeli tourism to Europe, on a sharp rise in recent years, diminished drastically in 1967. Only some 60,000 Israelis went abroad last year, as against more than 100,000 in 1966. On a nice weekend, by contrast, 30,000 Israelis will likely stream into East Jerusalem or drive through Samaria and Judea. A few thousand more can be found roaming about the Gaza strip, exploring the vast wastes of the Sinai peninsula by jeep, or even venturing on the latest craze of them all: a week-long safari by camelback from the secluded 4th-century Greek Orthodox monastery of St. Catherine to the top of Mount Sinai, and from there southward to Sharm el-Sheikh, the route leading from one military outpost to the next, all hospitable but entirely ill-equipped for the purpose.

A few years ago, when Israeli tourists to Cyprus —hungry for consumer goods—bought up nearly all the electric irons and transistors on the island, a local humorist commented that Israelis are not merely travelers, they are traveling salesmen. Now, whether in uniform or mufti, they are not simply conquerors; they are also fanatic sightseers and eager shoppers at the bazaars of Hebron or Nablus. Shops on the West Bank are constantly replenishing their stock from dealers in Jordan, as semi-official trade across the Jordan River continues, undisturbed by—and sometimes in the midst of —frequent border incidents. But if Israelis do not behave like conquerors, they are not simply tourists either; rather, like embarrassed patriots, they can be observed in the attempt, undertaken without ease, and perhaps over-optimistically, to redraw in their minds the geographical borders of their country. Although by now they have done so several times, many still feel a bit of a sweet chill as they cross what civilians call "the borders of the state" and what in military jargon is known as "the green line." Why green? Perhaps because on most maps the borders of 1949 are marked in deep green, or perhaps because the border really is green. On the Israeli side—shady forests, artificially irrigated plantations, intensely cultivated fields, and above all, lawns, green, cool-looking, and pleasing to the eye on a hot summer day. On the other side—bare rock, poorly cultivated land, naked hilltops, and, above all, virtually no trees. Further inland, to be sure, around Hebron, or in Jericho and Nablus, the Jordan administration was responsible for considerable economic progress, evidence of which comes as a surprise to many Israelis. But along the old borderline, the past twenty years have left their mark like a tattoo on the landscape.

Across this dividing line, one learns something about a former enemy as well as about oneself. Hardly another modern occupation regime has seemed on the surface so much of a picnic, but of course this one is no picnic either. It is a situation fraught with high drama and occasional Schweikian comedy, human frailty, and courage. Most Israelis are still adjusting—with difficulty, misgivings, and much confusion—to their new and unaccustomed roles as master. Few ever anticipated this state of affairs; fewer still have been

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trained in the exercise of this kind of power. So far, the situation has been handled with humaneness and an impressive administrative talent that was rarely evinced in the past within the borders of Israel proper. It is still marked by an atmosphere made up of a curious—though under the circumstances entirely natural—mixture of extreme nonchalance and touchiness, bad conscience and a sense of superiority, self-confidence and fear, braggadocio and humility, sympathy and scorn, hatred and pity. There are some who almost seem to be saying, "Forgive us for winning," and who frantically overpay shopkeepers, waiters, and taxi drivers in an apparent attempt to appease. Others have been known to loot, and to excuse themselves with the remark, "But we shed blood here!" —a comment which prompted one Israeli columnist to quote Samuel Johnson: "Patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel."

Some Israelis are angry at the absence of a more active spirit of cooperation on the part of the vanquished toward the victors; others despise the Arabs for sheepishly collaborating with the occupation forces. Not infrequently, both attitudes find lodgment within the same person. Some are surprised at what they see across the border, others disappointed. Oldtimers with nostalgic memories of the early 40's, the last time when Palestine was a single country at peace, cross the green line only to smell jasmine, rare herbs, and deliciously charcoaled lamb. Newer immigrants and youngsters see only the dirt and the flies, the barefoot, undernourished kids in the street; they turn up their noses: "There seems to be something wrong here with the sewer." (An epidemic of stomach disorders swept Israel last summer and fall as a result of culinary expeditions into the West Bank and the Gaza Strip.) The youngsters especially, born and reared after the establishment of the state in 1948, and fully accustomed to Israel as it was before last June, are torn and do not easily know what to think. For years these lands were "abroad"—indeed not only abroad, but enemy territory. Now the children are being told by an impressive array of poets, teachers, and even some politicians that this is *moledet*, the homeland, the Jews' historic cradle, united at last with what they knew as Israel.

A few impressions of Israelis in their new role:

• The *mishpocheh*. The Israeli as conqueror is rarely alone. He travels in a company which is usually large. Everywhere in the new territory, in Sinai as on the West Bank, one notices entire families posing for photographs on burned-out or blown-up Egyptian or Jordanian tanks, like so many St. George's on their dragons. A small pick-up truck, driven by a Haifa grocer, the rear overloaded with children and uncomfortable grandparents, rolls into the off-limits headquarters of the Nablus military governor, ignoring a shouting, gesticulating young guard at the gate. A heavy woman climbs out and addresses the quickly summoned officer (who is young enough to be her son) in Hungarian-accented Hebrew: *"Shalom, habibi, banu. l'vaker!"* (*Shalom,* dearie, we've come to visit!)

• A nonchalance and self-assurance among the military. The Israeli army of occupation, or at least that part of it in uniform, is rarely arrogant or haughty. On the contrary, the impression one gathers of the army in Gaza, Nablus, or Ramallah is one of ease, even bordering on apathy. Relaxed, calm, no doubt also bored, the typical Israeli sentry, as he mans a roadblock or guards the entry to a military installation, is usually to be seen perched on a straw armchair, feet nearly horizontal, cap tilted back, his young mouth munching away on a sweet.

At times this nonchalance can seem slightly ludicrous. In Nablus recently, I saw the military commander of the area lunching with two other senior army officers in Jacob's Well, a leading Nablus restaurant which faces the traditional site of Jesus's encounter with the Samaritan woman. The three officers were enjoying ample portions of houmous, shishkebab, and eggplant salad; one was casually leafing through a newspaper as he ate. A large radio, prominently displayed on the bar counter, was tuned to a noisy broadcast from Amman which featured a live report of King Hussein's triumphal return to his capital following a state visit to Turkey. Then the King himself spoke, promising the cheering crowd a speedy liberation from the Israeli forces oppressing their brethren on the West Bank. The officers—all of whom spoke Arabic fluently—ordered another round of beers. When the bill came, they paid and walked out, leaving a sizable tip behind.

In Hebron I came upon some thirty Arabs crowded into the vestibule of the office of the military governor, apparently waiting for their turn to be heard. An officer emerged and scolded the sentry at the door: "How many times have I told you not to let people crowd the entry. There's a waiting room for that." Answered the sentry: "Well, what can I do? I told them not to crowd the vestibule. After all, I can't move them out by force." With this he casually turned to the Arabs and said: "Come on now, out of here and into the waiting room." The officer: "You might at least get up off your seat when you talk to them. How many times must I tell you that getting up adds authority!"

• Invisible power. "One hardly sees them nowadays," says a young doctor in Ramallah. "In the beginning they were everywhere, patrolling the streets, searching houses. But not any more. I don't know why."

The massive assault of Israeli tourists has

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caused some residents of the West Bank to comment that there must be at least ten million Israelis, the official figure of 2.5 million being a case of typical Jewish deception. But just as obvious as the influx of tourists is the absence of a noticeable military presence. One of the most striking characteristics of this occupation regime is its extreme thriftiness in the display of force. The overpopulated Gaza Strip, with its horrible refugee camps and slum conglomerations, is a special case in this regard, but in the hill towns and villages of the West Bank one can at times travel for days without meeting a single Israeli soldier, except for those sitting on leave at Arab cafes or hitchhiking along the road. Some villages that were searched for arms a few days after the occupation began have not seen an Israeli on duty since that time. In other places, an Israeli machine gun is to be seen about once a month. In Jericho and Nablus (the latter a hotbed of civil disobedience), a few canvas-covered tanks are parked in the courtyard of the massive police fortresses that were built by the British in the 30's and have been used since then by three occupation regimes (British, Jordanian-Bedouin, now Israeli). There are few serious shows of force, except after a particular act of terrorism or before an announced demonstration of protest. But even directly following a sniping attack on passing automobiles, or the discovery of a mined road, violent intervention remains highly selective. After some forty El Fatah terrorists were discovered in caves and isolated plantations in Samaria, the army staged a large-scale hunt for similar bands hiding out further south in the Judean Hills—the same area where a few years earlier the famous Dead Sea scrolls had been found. A touring staff officer requested from the local commander an intelligence briefing on the area, and was told: "We have a list here of people known to be hiding weapons in their homes." His reply was: "Never mind weapons. We do not care about people hoarding machine-guns and the like. Let them live in peace. Arms as such don't interest us. We are interested only in active marauders."

• A gentleness in manners. Another marked characteristic of this occupation regime remains the relative lack of military swagger, and absence of an attitude of condescension toward the masses of the vanquished, their leaders and their dignitaries. Israeli soldiers do not kick open shop doors with their boots. For goods received, all pay the full price. During the war itself, there was only one known case—subsequently severely punished—of rape. Now, nine months later, there is still no evidence of bad blood caused by soldiers "stealing" local girls. There is no black market of note; cigarettes are worth no more than their legal price of 97 agorot (28 cents). Occasionally a house is blown up in which arms have been discovered, but even this is a practice resorted to with diminishing frequency; generally, there has been an almost total absence, as Robert Alter recently remarked in these pages,* of the "mystique of destructiveness." Very rarely indeed does one hear of a soldier humiliating an Arab. Even he who may speak privately of "Arabushim" (a derogatory slang word) will in most cases behave in a polite, matter-of-fact way when encountering an Arab.

THE SAME unfortunately cannot be said of many civilians who come into daily contact with the other side, whether as tourists, businessmen, or even as government officials on "inspection trips." It is true that the Israeli army is a people's army. Most of its personnel is nonprofessional, on reserve duty or in national service. Today's soldier is tomorrow's visiting civilian, and vice versa. Nevertheless, civilian behavior has by and large been much less understanding than that of army personnel, and has frequently given cause for bad feeling. It is invariably civilians, not soldiers, who drive through occupied cities singing patriotic tunes, or stroll the streets ostentatiously waving Israeli flags. Each city's own Arab police force, quickly reinstated and even rearmed by General Dayan soon after the conquest (much to the consternation of traditionalists and security experts) is now in charge of local law and order. Understandably, these blue-uniformed officials (the Jordanian royal crown or Egyptian half-moon carefully removed from their caps) still lack an adequate amount of self-assurance and authority. Military drivers are careful to obey their instructions, but some civilian drivers tend to ignore them or even treat them insolently. In Gaza recently, I watched two young Israelis buying corn from a street vendor. When it was time to pay, they handed him ten agora. The vendor asked again for the regular price, some ten times higher. The boys laughed and walked on. "You lost the war," one of them called out. A few feet away stood an impassive local policeman. "Had he been asked to intervene—and that rarely happens—he would not have known what to do," an Israeli officer, in charge of the Gaza police, later remarked.

A few days later, again in Gaza, I watched a long caravan of government sedans drive up to a wooden jetty at the port that services small freighters loading citrus and unloading imported goods (Gaza was, and still is, a tax-free port). The car doors opened and out stepped a bevy of eager bureaucrats, crowding around a portly figure of medium height who was clad in the quasi-official uniform of the Israeli labor elite, light gray slacks and a white, open-collared shirt. The visiting dignitary moved forward through the crowd in slow, measured steps. It was Israel's Minister of Trans-

* "Israel and the Intellectuals," October 1967.

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portation, on a state visit to greet the arrival in Gaza of the first citrus freighter since the Six-Day War. None of the local Arab dignitaries had been invited. A few Gaza residents, mute and seemingly indifferent, stood by as the local stevedores, dressed simply in loincloths, lifted the Minister onto their shoulders and carried him from the shaky jetty into the boat that would take him out to the freighter mooring some two hundred yards away. Upon the Minister's return, again atop the shoulders of the waiting longshoremen, a short ceremony was held. "After all, this is what you might call an historic moment," remarked one senior official. The Minister, a member of the left-wing Ahdut Avoda party, then affixed a *mezzuza* to the gate of the small customs shed. Thus, without much ceremonial ado, was Gaza Port brought into the Covenant of Abraham. The small group of local residents stood by silently, watching the proceedings. "Would you like to meet Mr. Carmel?" a newspaper reporter asked a local dignitary who happened by and stopped to watch. "No thank you," he replied.

NEARLY EVERYWHERE on the West Bank and in the Gaza Strip, old British police fortresses are currently being repainted and refurbished. Having served Jordanian and Egyptian authorities for the past twenty years, they are now being redecorated for their newest occupants. Corridors are cluttered with timber, sacks of cement, rolls of telephone wire, and buckets of paint; Arab masons move walls, carpenters saw away at closets and doors. Within, against a background of hammering and the screeching of wooden boards, officers and civilian employees of the military government sit behind heavy Jordanian and Egyptian desks, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; the walls are hung casually with flags, army insignia, and portraits of Eshkol, Dayan, Shazar, and Rabin. Young secretaries, girls performing their tour of duty in the national service, keep their bosses well-supplied with cups of freshly-boiled tea and instant coffee.

While the occupying army takes on the settled appearance of having come to stay, the overall number of officers in the occupation regime is still extremely limited. The first principle of the regime, as enunciated by General Dayan a few days after the war and subsequently approved by the cabinet, has been the avoidance of unnecessary friction between occupier and occupied, and of maximum non-interference in local affairs. Local administration has been left almost entirely in the hands of former (elected or appointed) mayors, all of whom have remained and none of whom has yet resigned his office. Similarly, most other departments of the government—health, education, public works, social welfare, etc.—are still being managed by their previous directors, former Egyptian or Royal Jordanian civil servants. In the few cases where officials have left, their jobs have been taken over by their former deputies. A few Israeli liaison officers—in the fashion of the indirect rule of the old British colonial system—act as overseers and final arbiters of local administration. Theirs is a behind-the-scenes function; they rarely meet field personnel, and they deal mostly, and even then not very frequently, with top-level Arab officials only. Thus, health services in the occupied areas are run by seven Israelis together with 2,900 Arabs, education by nine Israelis and 4,600 Arabs, agriculture by five Israelis and 1,300 Arabs. A similar proportion is maintained in other fields of government activity, such as commence, public works, and social welfare.

Another basic and general principle has been that 1967 will not become another 1956, when Israel was forced to withdraw from occupied Sinai after three or four months. There is a certitude that this time the occupation will last much longer, that perhaps it will last a very long time indeed, and it is best that local Arabs realize it. This does not mean that Israel will annex the occupied territories. But the assumption is that Israel is determined to hold and run these territories, with or without the cooperation of their inhabitants, until such time as there will be a permanent settlement with the Arab states. In stressing this intention, the hope of course is to encourage people to cooperate with Israel without the fear that within a few months they will be returned to Egypt and Jordan to suffer the consequences of the charge of collaboration. Such fear has been common primarily in Gaza, where residents who cooperated with Israel in 1956 were later severely dealt with by the returning Egyptians.

Success on this score has been only partial. Even in Hebron, where cooperation seems to have been greatest (to the point where Jordan has officially branded the mayor a "traitor"), most citizens still hold on to the prospect of change with the next "decisive" moment, after which Israel will surely withdraw and, if not, "we will think about it again." Such moments have been "at the end of the United Nations debates," "after the visit of Mr. Thalman, or of Mr. Jarring," "after the Khartoum summit meeting," or "after Rabat," or "as a result of King Hussein's visits, first to Cairo, then to Moscow and Washington." Such decisive moments have come and gone, followed neither by withdrawal nor by any firm commitment on the part of local Arabs; new dates will undoubtedly crop up in the future, and will continue to provide occasion for an indefinite postponement of decisions.

The principled avoidance of unnecessary friction has forced the authorities to distinguish between vital needs and those merely desirable. The absolutely vital minimum need, as against the

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desirable maximum, has been to maintain the Israeli military presence and prevent terrorism. So far this has not been too difficult to achieve; terrorist activity, which at first posed a considerable menace in the new territories, has apparently been well curtailed.

Aside from the prevention of terrorism, all other matters, despite the possible desirability of having it otherwise, have been left in the hands of the conquered Arabs. General Dayan stated his policy immediately after the war, in his many talks with Arab dignitaries: it was entirely up to them to lead the kind of lives they wished. If they wanted their children to go to school, if they wanted industrial and agricultural development, if they wanted to export and import, to take out loans, to produce and work, or to travel freely back and forth between the West Bank and the Arab countries for trade or pleasure, then the occupation regime would help them. If not, Israel could not care less, at least for the present. Dayan's stated policy has been widely heralded in Israel and abroad. One leading columnist went so far as to suggest that had some of the former colonial powers practiced such a policy, the course of history might have been different. No few Israelis hope that perhaps Israel will indeed succeed where others, greater and more powerful, have failed. Should a Palestinian-Arab leadership emerge that will be prepared to make a separate peace with Israel (a distinct possibility considering the utter weariness and dejection of the Palestinian Arabs after fifty years of futile conflict with the Jews and twenty years of unpopular, at times savagely repressive, Jordanian rule), many people will take it as a vindication of General Dayan's policies.

In the occupied territories themselves, things are often less clear and infinitely more complicated than might appear from a reading of neat policy papers. While the declared policy is that Israel will avoid all unnecessary points of friction, there has, for instance, been what some might term unnecessary friction in the field of education, and in such service areas as the production of electricity.

The schooling problem arose when the government last summer tried to eliminate from the Arab schools those textbooks which contained rabid anti-Israel propaganda and incitement to war. This, by itself, would have been easy; yet the government went much further. In the apparent hope of converting West Bank children to Zionism, the Education Ministry—which had been charged by the occupation regime with opening the Arab schools—tried to impose Israeli textbooks, complete with Arabic translations of Sholem Aleichem, Mendele Mocher Seforim, Herzl, and others, on Arab schoolchildren. Tens of thousands of textbooks had already been printed when the scandal broke. Even those Arab dignitaries who were ready and willing to cooperate with Israel, such as Mayor Joabri of Hebron who has all but burned his last bridge to Amman, considered the books not only a violation of international law but an unacceptable affront to their national dignity. The West Bank public was quick to accept rumors fed by Radio Amman that Israel wished to stamp out Moslem religious education; as a result, within days a near-total parent-teacher strike closed down all West Bank schools. Ministry officials then proposed a compromise solution: the Israeli textbooks would be withdrawn, in exchange for the censoring and, if necessary, the elimination of any offensive Arab books. This, too, might have worked; but the first step in the compromise solution was the complete cancellation of some seventy textbooks on the ground that they were dangerous as a whole. This action also met with objections, not only from Arab leaders and school officials, but from General Dayan's military governors as well, who argued that the Ministry of Education was being overly sensitive, was expecting the impossible, and was denying to the vanquished the last thing they had to cling to: self-dignity. Here the paradox that marks the Israelis as conquerors re-emerged. The army represented in this case, as in many others, the more liberal approach, while a civilian body, in this instance, Zalman Aranne's Ministry of Education, took the more extreme position.

As a result of all this pressure, the education officials capitulated; most of the books could stay they said, but at the same time they came up with a list of some 120 objectionable passages and published them in a detailed report entitled: "Words of Hatred in Textbooks Current in Jordanian Schools and on the West Bank in 1966." One of General Dayan's aides, after reading the report, was quoted as saying: "When I saw what they wanted to censor, my hair stood on end!" In their index of hateful material, Mr. Aranne's aides had included quotations from the Koran and poems extolling the beauty of the Palestinian landscape that is now Israel. There were, to be sure, a dozen or more clear-cut hate passages and others bordering on incitement to genocide. But it appeared that education officials had also seen El Fatah terrorists hiding behind such passages as "Jaffa, beloved of the sea," or "Nablus, the historic city, surrounded by olive trees and villages, breathing memories of heroism and honor. . . ." Other passages, praising the love of a fatherland "worth dying for," or commiserating with the "bitter fate" of Arab refugees, were also declared dangerous. Arab educators objected again to the report. In the end all but ten of the 120 passages were reinstated, and the schools finally opened in November after a three-month delay.

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Further incidents involving friction between conqueror and conquered, which have also been finally solved by Israeli capitulation, have included the struggle over the supervision of Moslem religious property by the Israeli Ministry of Religious Affairs (full autonomy has been restored), and the attempt to force the Gaza municipality to sell its power plant to the Israel Electric Corporation; on this issue, too, after a noisy outburst and threats to resign by the mayor of Gaza, the Israelis backed down. There have been other, less publicized incidents as well.

A VARIETY OF reasons has been offered to explain the contradiction between policy on paper and policy in the field. One factor has been a difference of temperament among the various military leaders at different levels of command. Others which have been suggested include interdepartmental feuds, jealousy between the military and civilian establishments, and General Dayan's personal difficulties with his colleagues in Eshkol's government. But the most convincing reason that has yet been offered is also the simplest: lack of experience. As one harassed official commented recently, "Look here, *my* father had no experience in running occupied territories. Did yours?" Optimists have been encouraged by the fact that in the three major cases of friction I discussed above—as well as in others—the government finally backed down and gave in to the vanquished on practically all important points. General Dayan has always been known for his undoctrinaire approach as well as for his flexibility (a trait which has led his detractors to accuse him of a daily change of mind). But observers here cannot remember when they have seen a government agency move as quickly under stress as Dayan's Ministry of Defense, which seems to be learning from past mistakes and is unhampered by considerations of personal prestige.

For the most part, indeed, the smoothness of relations between conqueror and conquered has surprised a considerable number of observers who are accustomed to thinking in terms of Algiers, or Aden, or even Vietnam. An almost total strike by East Jerusalem shopkeepers last August reminded oldtime veterans of the Palestine conflict of the bloody general strike which began in 1936 and spread quickly over Arab Palestine, lasted almost a year and sparked some of the ugliest massacres of the 1936-1939 anti-Jewish, anti-British disturbances. But the 1967 strike lasted one day only, and so far has not been repeated. Acts of terrorism, which were fairly widespread last fall, have become quite infrequent since the arrest of three rings of marauders, all of whom had been trained and armed in Syria and infiltrated into the West Bank via Jordan following the war. As a precaution, policemen are still posted at the entrances to movie houses in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem to check outsized handbags and briefcases, but the last attempt—an unsuccessful one—to plant a bomb in a Jerusalem cinema occurred back in September. El Fatah and other Syrian-based terrorists are said to be under the guidance of Algerian experts, but until now West Bank residents have not rushed to join their ranks. Most of the active agents have been infiltrated into the West Bank from elsewhere. Some 1,500 have so far been arrested, thanks largely to the absolutely amazing readiness of most of those arrested to betray their comrades-in-arms.

On the other hand, quite a number of West Bank dignitaries have openly attacked the terrorists, calling them a "disaster for the Arabs of Palestine." There may indeed be some significance in the fact that terrorists have not usually been able to rely even on the passive support of West Bank villagers, that they hide in caves rather than in the barns of farmers, or in the cellars of urban supporters. After the most recent mass arrest of some thirty terrorists who had been hiding in the caves of Samaria and were taken after a short battle, some army and police leaders suggested that "El Fatah is finished." This is hard to believe, but it is clear to most observers that earlier fears of large-scale, or at least effective, partisan activity in the occupied territories were premature. Above all, it would seem that the vicious spiral of terrorism-reprisal-terrorism, previously so common here as elsewhere, has been avoided.

IN ISRAEL meanwhile, the unexpected seizure of the "whole of Palestine," as well as of sizable chunks of Syria and Egypt, has given rise to a national debate of an intensity that has not been seen here since the earlier, more fervent days of Zionist colonization. An impressive number of writers, poets, and others has joined in the "Movement for the Whole of Eretz Israel." The central precept of this movement is that all of Palestine, indivisible, is part of Israel's historic birthright and must be immediately annexed—together with the Syrian Heights and Sinai. War—or, perhaps, victory—makes strange bedfellows. Prominent names thread the list of the movement's sponsors, who include such diverse personalities as Nobel Prize winner S. Y. Agnon, former Secret Service chief Isser Harel, novelist Moshe Shamir (Mapam), and poets Uri Zvi Greenberg (Herut), Chaim Guri (Ahdut Avoda), and Nathan Alterman (Mapai-Rafi).

The movement is deeply suspicious of peace proposals ("even if a peace treaty is concluded, it will not be worth much more than the paper it is written on"); it has called for the founding of a Greater Israel and the urgent establishment of at least a hundred Jewish settlements throughout the "liberated territories." Members have appeared in

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print and before packed audiences armed with political arguments and biblical quotes to propagate a message of such apparent emotional force and popular attraction that even cabinet ministers, who are known to think differently, have been afraid to disagree in public. Only Foreign Minister Abba Eban has publicly criticized them, and by throwing their own book back at them: "The Bible," he said, "is not just the tale of Joshua's conquests, but the book of the prophets and their ethics as well."

THE APPEARANCE of this movement has thrown the intellectual community here into its first really heated debate in years. The old questions arise once again: "Who are we?" "Why are we here, and not in Uganda or America?" "Are we here by right or by sufferance?" The annexationists argue that Israel has a historic right to all the lands once promised by God to His chosen people. This right, they say, supersedes the rights of West Bank Arabs to national self-determination. They tell their critics: "If you do not recognize our right to Nablus, you cannot recognize our right to Tel Aviv. That being the case, you must emigrate."

The argument offered in rebuttal to the movement is that two "rights" have clashed over Palestine; as Amos Oz, a young novelist, has written, "no angel, no God will dare judge which of these two rights be the better." The only practical, and, at the same time, the only moral, solution to this conflict, according to opponents of the movement, is the partition of Palestine between the two "rights." Mr. Oz, in a reply to Nathan Alterman's call for immediate annexation, has written that Israel must not by any means withdraw before a final peace treaty, but that after a treaty is signed, the West Bank's million-odd Arabs should be left freely to decide their own future. Until such a time, Israel must stay as conqueror, not as self-styled liberator. "You cannot liberate land," Mr. Oz has written, "You can only liberate people. There are no subjugated lands, only subjugated people."

Daily newspapers in Israel enjoyed a bonanza recently when both parties to the debate filled pages with advertisements calling for public support. The issue is far from exhausted. It has been suggested that the fact that none of the poets, novelists, or intellectuals who belong to the "Movement for the Whole of Eretz Israel" is younger than forty may not be sheer coincidence. Leading spokesmen on the other side are representative of a younger generation of poets and novelists. One columnist has even suggested that the "Movement for the Whole of Eretz Israel" may be a "literary and intellectual anachronism" as the "patriotic feelings" among younger people, born or reared here, are said to be "more rational, more balanced," than those of the older Zionist generation. Rather than relying on "divine promises made in the early Bronze Age," this younger generation is said to place its reliance on the "normative effect of the facts—as they presently exist—and on international law and the opinion of those who have given it recognition." But the strongest objections to annexation have come from those who, realizing there can be no large-scale immigration to Israel within the foreseeable future, fear the end of the Jewish State through the emergence of an Arab majority by 1980.

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National Bank of North America

Mr. Sidney Friedman, Chairman of the Board National Bank of North America

REPORTS HIGHER EARNINGS
JANUARY 15, 1968

Mr. Jacob Leichtman, Vice Chairman of the Board National Bank of North America

National Bank of North America reported 1967 net operating earnings of $10,031,327 compared with $7,472,901 last year. Earnings of Bank of North America prior to May 8, 1967, when it was merged into Meadow Brook National Bank to form National Bank of North America, are not included.

Per share earnings were $2.18 compared with $1.93 last year, an increase of 12.7%. Earnings per share are based on the average number of shares outstanding in each such period.

North America's statement as of December 31, 1967 showed total resources of $1,591,442,825 compared with $1,053,178,151 a year ago. Deposits amounted to $1,392,985,845 compared with $883,836,430. Loans totaled $942,483,910 compared with $628,-234,692. The 1966 figures do not include those of Bank of North America.

Principal Balance Sheet Items

	Dec. 31, 1967	*Dec. 31, 1966*
Assets	$1,591,443,000	$1,053,178,000
Deposits	1,392,986,000	883,836,000
Loans	942,484,000	628,235,000
Capital Funds & Reserves for possible loan losses	127,884,000	88,107,000

Administrative Officers

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Jacob Leichtman, *Vice Chairman*
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The New Status Quo

Shlomo Avineri

MOST ISRAELIS were proved wrong by the Six-Day War. They had been wrong before the war, when most of them minimized the dangers of escalation; and now, nine months later, those among them who thought in June that victory would have the effect of establishing, once and for all, a lasting peace in the Middle East, have been proved wrong again. In each case, a closer acquaintance with the realities of political power in the Arab world might have prevented a good deal of frustration.

Prior to the rapid political deterioration, and the equally rapid military escalation, of late May and early June 1967, most Israeli observers were convinced that although the basic tensions of the Israeli-Arab conflict were far from having been resolved, a more or less dependable, long-term stalemate had emerged in the Middle East. Ever since the Sinai campaign of 1956, according to these observers, an undeclared, pragmatic normalization had set in, as a result not of negotiations and treaties but of mutual recognition based on a balance of terror similar to the one prevailing between the United States and the Soviet Union. The Syrians, of course, represented a constant irritant, utterly unpredictable and fundamentally bellicose, but all the other Arab states bordering on Israel had behaved since 1956 according to what seemed an intelligible pattern—one, moreover, that was aimed at avoiding a head-on collision with Israel. Lebanon was the quietest of all, never having been keen on radical politics. King Hussein of Jordan, well aware that any eruption of pan-Arabism might cost him his throne, had jailed Syrian-trained anti-Israeli terrorists, outlawed Ahmed Shukeiry's Palestine Liberation Organization, and, by avoiding friction along the border with Israel, was trying to consolidate his precarious hold on the West Bank and integrate the two disparate halves of his kingdom into one nation. In Tunisia, President Bourguiba had survived his call for realism and moderation in dealing with Israel. Even Nasser was slowly and astutely changing his order of priorities in an effort to curb both the Syrians and the radicals: while Radio Cairo exhorted the Arabs to unite and reform in order to push the Jews into the sea, relaxed Nasserologists in Jerusalem were patiently pointing out that such rhetoric should not be interpreted as a call to a Holy War against Israel; rather, it represented a shrewdly calculated act of statesmanship on the part of Nasser, who, it was argued, was shifting his position toward a greater concentration on internal issues and was not about to plunge into precipitate foreign adventures. Most Israelis, then, felt that even though the day was still distant on which swords could be beaten into ploughshares, the Arab world nevertheless was slowly, painfully beginning to recognize Israel as a fact of life. Israeli politicians and intellectuals, journalists and military men, seemed to agree that a precarious yet long-term, non-violent coexistence was slowly emerging.*

And then suddenly, toward the end of May 1967, everything collapsed, and within a fortnight the Middle East was plunged into the third Arab-Israeli war in two decades. What went wrong?

So many instant histories of the Six-Day War have already been written that it would be unprofitable now to make yet another attempt to sum up the reasons for the breakdown. But there is one element that should be pointed out, precisely because it is unique to the Middle Eastern situation and has sometimes been overlooked in discussions of policy decisions: the independent force of rhetoric in the Arab world. Nasser, it is true, played a very cautious political game in his relations with Israel in the period from 1956 to 1967, but his caution was unaccompanied by any diminution in the violence of his anti-Israel rhetoric; and it seems that when the chips were down, the Arab world was found lacking in the internal

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* It should, however, be pointed out that at least one prominent Israeli never believed in the ultimate deterrent value of the balance of terror in the Middle East: this was Moshe Dayan. Years ago Dayan argued that Nasser might unpredictably close the Gulf of Aqaba at any time; confronted with such a situation, the UN would utterly fail and Israel would be left totally exposed. The events of May 1967 proved Dayan right in this diagnosis; the prescience of his political insight, as well as his moderation in dealing with the occupied areas after the war, may help to explain why Dayan is now receiving support in Israel from people who have never been his traditional admirers.

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societal mechanisms necessary to prevent the take-over of politics by rhetorical outbursts. If, for instance, Nasser's demand for the withdrawal of the UN Emergency Force was aimed at bluffing his way out of a difficult situation, then it can also be argued that when the move misfired, Nasser was trapped by his own strategy, and by the rhetorical substance of what passes for politics in the Arab world.

ISRAELI SPOKESMEN have found it useful to cite the wild statements of Ahmed Shukeiry as indicating the basic mood of the Arab leaders *vis-à-vis* Israel. This, to be sure, is an obvious oversimplification; under normal circumstances, leaders like Hussein and Nasser would be astute enough to ignore the rhetoric of genocide preached by Shukeiry. When, for example, Shukeiry was quoted before the war as saying that, "When the Arabs take Israel, the surviving Jews will be helped to return to their native countries; but I figure there will be very few survivors," most Arab leaders understood that such talk only bolstered Israel's case before world opinion; it is for this reason, indeed, that Shukeiry has been recently replaced by the more soft-spoken Hammuda (a man whose final goal, however, is not much different from his predecessor's). Yet during the crisis, when moderation in word and deed might have been most helpful to their cause, none of the Arab leaders found it practical, or possible, to stop Shukeiry. And whereas Shukeiry's tiny Palestine Liberation Army hardly constituted a threat to Israel, his rhetoric became a threat to the whole Arab world, for nobody was able to stand up to him, stop him, shut him up, or shut him in. As tempers began to rise, one feat of rhetoric followed another; pro-Western Jordan became as belligerent in egging Nasser on as "leftist" Syria; nobody was able to prevent Shukeiry from granting TV interviews in which he invited all concerned to be his guests for coffee "next week in Tel Aviv." Under this kind of stress, the distinction between "moderate" and "radical" Arab governments evaporated (as Cecil Hourani pointed out in his thoughtful essay, "An Arab Speaks to the Arab World," reprinted in the November 1967 *Encounter*). One of the tragic consequences of this may be that in the future, few Israelis will lend credence to any moderate Arab stance—moderation has proved to be a fair-weather phenomenon. One should not overlook the fact that during the crisis of May-June 1967 there was not a single voice in the Arab world calling for moderation, not a single leader or intellectual was heard urging the Arabs not to upset the precarious equilibrium.

To take but one example: whatever his other virtues, King Hussein certainly did not act as that moderate voice during the crisis; it was, indeed, Radio Amman that castigated Nasser for hiding comfortably behind the UN Emergency Force. Since the war, to be sure, Hussein has been quite successful in presenting a favorable image to the West. Nevertheless, the paradox still remains: of the three Arab countries directly involved in the war, Jordan was the only one that started an unequivocal assault on Israeli territory—and this, despite repeated Israeli assurances that the Jewish State was not seeking a quarrel with Jordan.

There is, thus, very little evidence to sustain the view now prevalent in the West that those Arab governments whose posture is fairly pro-Western will also act in a more "reasonable" or "moderate" manner when it comes to negotiating a settlement with Israel. Certainly the history of the last nineteen years will not support such a view. For the truth of the matter is that the Middle East conflict has never, despite all appearances, been polarized on a pro-Western/pro-Communist axis. In fact, in the war of 1948 *all* the Arab governments then attacking Israel (Egypt, Transjordan, Iraq, Syria) were "pro-Western," their armies trained by the British and the French and in one case also commanded by British officers.

UNFORTUNATELY, it is precisely the attempt to comprehend Arab political realities in terms of the Western historical experience—or in terms of current American ideology—that leads so many observers astray. All in all, it is as ridiculous for State Department officials to talk about a constitutional monarchy in Jordan as it is for the New Left to enthuse over the "socialism" of the Syrian military regime. Spokesmen for both these viewpoints rely on a romantic Western tradition of wishful thinking, each person finding what he is looking for in order to sustain his belief in the universalizing capacities of his own ideology. Both propaganda and incomprehension gave rise to such contradictory and simultaneous descriptions of Nasser's regime, for example, as a quasi-Fascist dictatorship, a socialist system, and a "modernizing" state. Only a handful of observers have suggested that the sort of military government now prevailing in Egypt, Syria, and Iraq (and indirectly also in Jordan, through Hussein's ultimate reliance on the Arab Legion) has very little to do either with Fascism or progressive modernization but may rather represent simply the *traditional* form of government common to the Arab world until the end of World War I, when the British and French imposed parliamentarianism on the territories that had fallen to their mandate.

Under the Mameluks in Egypt, under the Ottomans in the rest of the Middle East, Arabs have been ruled for centuries by military governments; civil administration in these countries has traditionally been handled by just one department of

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what was essentially the military establishment of a conquering power. This sort of government, in fact, may be more familiar, more autochthonous, and hence more legitimate, prestigious, and functional within the traditions of Arab society than any other model—be it democratic or Communist—imported from Europe. And though it would be simpleminded to dismiss Nasser as nothing but a latter-day Mameluk, there is little doubt that what makes his form of government so acceptable to the vast majority of Egyptians is neither its military prestige nor its supposed administrative efficiency; rather, it is simply that form of government which is most familiar to Arab society and which operates within accepted historical traditions. After a short and inglorious interlude of foreign parliamentarianism, Arab society may again be discovering its true identity. This has very little to do with modernization: paradoxically, the most "modern" Arab state is the feudal oil emirate of Kuwait; anyone, on the other hand, who has seen the incredibly plush luxury of the Syrian officers' club at Kuneitra, together with the hovels for enlisted men which stand next to it, would be hard put to explain the sincerity of the socialist rhetoric issuing from the Syrian government, or—for that matter—the relevance of its efforts at modernization.

THE TRADITIONAL, reactionary structure of Arab society has remained unaffected by the successive political upheavals that have taken place in the Arab countries; the same Arab social class which today sends its sons to the officers' corps in Syria and Egypt did so under Farouk in Egypt and the old politicians in Syria. Algeria is an exception to this rule, both because the ruthlessness of direct French rule had the effect of pulverizing the old Arab social order and because the Algerians were after all the only Arabs who really fought for their independence and achieved it by a revolutionary struggle; hence their army represents the toughness of a revolutionary mystique and not the routine soft-job elitism of all other Arab armies. Curious as it may seem, Algeria and Israel represent the only two revolutionary societies in the Arab-Israeli orbit.

But if Arabs have historically identified with military forms of government, they have paid a stiff price through their inability to react on an adequate level to political crises and international conflicts. For the fact is that in the modern world the traditional Arab form of government is totally irrelevant. Nor can the Arab malaise be traced back to the trauma of European imperialism, on which most Arab intellectuals blame their social and political ills. In harsh truth, it was not the British and French who in most cases put an end to any purely *Arab* form of self-government in the Middle East. For at least six centuries prior to European penetration, the Arabs were ruled not by themselves but by a variety of nomadic military conquerors whose adherence to the Islamic religion made it easier to gloss over their foreignness. The Arabs were ruled by Seljuks and Ottomans, by Tartars and Mameluks; their commercial classes over the centuries consisted of Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. The basic malaise of Arab society has been its inability to evolve an overall social structure—the precondition of national identity. Their failure in the confrontation with Israel is thus not to be blamed merely on poor leadership or on defective policies: it is a failure that goes deep into their history. In the same way that Zionism, as a movement of national and social revolution, began with a critique not of Gentile society but of the lopsided nature of the Jewish social structure in Eastern Europe, so a parallel Arab renaissance may have to be predicated upon a prior rejection of some of the traits which have become associated with the traditional Arab consciousness. There is, however, very little evidence that such a structural rethinking is taking place among Arab intellectuals.

All this leaves Israel with a terrible dilemma. Many Israelis are experiencing severe frustration over the fact that despite the Arab military defeat the old political leaders, who were responsible for plunging the Arabs into their present catastrophe, still enjoy popularity and general esteem. That is, no rethinking of *any* kind seems to be going on in the Arab world, and the consequence may be yet another calamity when Arab leadership is again overtaken by its own rhetoric. But while everyone is now discussing the possibilities of peace, or negotiations, or non-negotiations, in the Middle East, and in Israel hairsplitting arguments are to be heard concerning the nature of the future negotiated boundaries of Israel, it may very well turn out that future developments will not depend at all on the outcome of an agreed-upon solution. Now, after the war, everyone is a rationalist; everyone expects that the due process of international relations will bring about the preferred result of negotiated settlement. But unless something very extraordinary happens in the near future—unless, that is, the Arab governments show themselves prepared to undergo the agony of rethinking their relation to Israel—there seems little chance that any Arab government will negotiate. As for Israel, her insistence on negotiations is not a mere formalistic pedantry, but is predicated upon what seems, under the circumstances, a reasonable assumption—that only an arrangement publicly acknowledged by the Arabs will be worth more than the paper on which it is written.

But if this is the case, and if the chances for negotiations are slim, Israel will be faced with the task of settling the future of the newly acquired territories by herself; and this is a responsibility for which she may not be as fully prepared as she

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was for war. It may be, in other words, that the future boundaries of the Middle East will be determined not by any conscious decision, but rather will develop as a consequence of drift, of *force des choses*, in a manner similar to the post-1945 partition of Germany, which did not come about as the consequence of an intended policy but which was a necessity imposed on all concerned by a common inability to achieve a negotiated settlement. One does not have to be excessively cynical to remark that the unnatural status quo in Germany has proved to be more durable than all the Wilsonian rhetoric of the Versailles Treaty. Similarly, in the absence of a formal peace treaty, the present cease-fire lines in the Middle East may—frightening as it may sound even to most Israelis—solidify into semi-permanent borders. In that eventuality, political philosophers would be hard-pressed to differentiate between the legitimacy of such boundaries and that of the old 1949 armistice lines, which became solidified in precisely the same way and remained so for nineteen years. In the absence of a negotiated settlement, the status quo becomes the only tangible reality imposed on victors and vanquished alike, sometimes to their mutual detriment.

THE OLD ISRAEL, the Israel of pre-June 1967, is, in a way, a thing of the past. Jerusalem is a case in point: it has been "reunited," but it is also a very different city now, with a mixed Jewish-Arab population. Christmas this year in Jerusalem became a reality for the first time to Israeli children, who for the most part were used to thinking of this holiday in connection with some distant and unpleasant memories their parents had brought over with them from Eastern Europe. Israeli officials and intellectuals are already diligently learning Arabic, in order to deal with a social reality radically different from the one they had all come to regard as the norm. Even the Jerusalem Orthodox understand that along with the Wailing Wall they have also become the recipients of a rather more ambiguous blessing: public transport in East Jerusalem on the Sabbath. All in all, the Israelis have made a remarkable adjustment, but even this is perhaps not so surprising as might at first appear. It is true that traditional Zionism was wont to underestimate the political significance of the existence of an Arab population in Palestine, and the Arabs have a valid claim when they suggest that some Zionists preferred to pretend that there were no Arabs in Palestine, or that ultimately these Arabs would not represent a problem. Yet despite all this, Zionism never envisaged a Jewish state which would not include a sizable Arab population among its citizens. After all, the UN partition resolution of 1947 assumed that about 45 per cent of the inhabitants of the projected Jewish state would be Arabs; it was only after the Arab attacks in 1947 and 1948 that Israel was left with a state with only a marginal Arab population. Now the challenge of living with Arab neighbors within the frontiers of Israel has become relevant again.

The state of Israel, as it emerged through the *force des choses* of the 1949 armistice lines, had learned to live with many anomalies, to internalize and rationalize them. For nineteen years Israelis considered it a perfectly normal and permanent state of affairs that their capital should be a city divided in half, linked to the rest of the country by a single narrow winding highway, right under the nose of Jordanian artillery, and that a strip of land ten miles wide should constitute their major industrial and population center. The Six-Day War has done away with the claustrophobia of the old borders; it has also bequeathed a legacy of new perspectives which may prove to be as much of a trial as the old anomalies.

In 1948, the Arab countries tried to frustrate a UN compromise resolution calling for the establishment of a Jewish state in a part of Palestine. As a consequence of the war of 1967, all of Mandatory Palestine is now in Israeli hands, and most of the 1948 refugees are now under Israeli jurisdiction. The Israeli-Arab confrontation may now revert to what it was originally, before the other Arab states intervened in 1948: a confrontation between Jews and Arabs *in Palestine*. The issue then will be whether Jews and Arabs can evolve some kind of coexistence within the country which both consider to be theirs. Israel has a duty to prove her readiness both to acknowledge and to fulfill the legitimate claims of the 1948 refugees for rehabilitation; the Arab governments are no longer in a position to veto such a possible accommodation, and Israel's sincerity in the matter is hence about to be severely tested. But the major consequence of the 1967 war may transcend even this, in that the final outcome may be a country very different from the bi-national state so naively advocated by some Western observers. Whenever two peoples are at each other's throat, one always hears it advocated that they be thrown together into one body, of course with due constitutional guarantees; the catastrophic outcome of such naive solutions has recently been all too tragically illustrated in Nigeria and Cyprus. But the new reality, though miles away from the chimeras of such well-intentioned but hardly well-informed prescriptions, may nevertheless have the effect of localizing the central issues involved, and thus of neutralizing some of the thornier aspects of the Israeli-Arab conflict. As such, Israel will then have little to quarrel over with the Arab countries surrounding her. That she is now in control of all of Palestine and of the majority of Palestinian Arabs is as much of a shock to Israel as it is to the Arabs. What must be realized is that six days in June of

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1967 have changed the political realities in the Middle East as radically as the six years of World War II changed Europe. Unfortunately, few seem to realize this; because of the swiftness of events, consciousness, on all sides, lags far behind the facts.

What, then, of the future? Israel has to guard against a position of romantic chauvinism (a position, incidentally, which was recently repudiated by a most impressive statement signed by outstanding figures in the academic community here). What is more important, Israel has to face a reality which is so incongruous as to require completely new political and social vistas. It is not generosity that Israel needs, but a combination of hardheaded realism with a tolerance for different customs and cultures, political astuteness coupled with a readiness on the part of Israelis—as much as on the part of the Arabs—to do away with some of the sacred cows of the immediate past: a recognition that not all the idiosyncracies of the last nineteen years are to be taken as universal criteria or eternal verities. All this will be tough going, on both sides, but there is nothing in Zionist ideology —or in Arab history—to prevent the emergence of a solution within the new realities. It will soon be a year since the war, yet few have recognized how fundamentally the Middle East has changed. All of us go on looking for solutions, hoping for negotiations to begin, for a rational pattern to emerge, openly arrived at by reasonable and soft-spoken diplomats. Few seem to realize that the new reality is already being formed by day-to-day decisions. Awakening from the euphoria of victory and the humiliation of defeat will be a slow and painful process, for the Israelis no less than for the Arabs. Yet the process has already begun, and its development must be closely watched.

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Triste Paris

H. Stuart Hughes

IT IS WITH reluctance that I undertake to write about my year in Paris. I am nagged by a fear of disloyalty to my French friends—living and deceased—and to a country I have known longer and better than any except my own. Yet I suspect that what I have to report may be of interest beyond a merely personal experience: such has been the reaction of those with whom I have conversed about it since my return. I am also conscious that my credentials for writing about Paris and its inhabitants are somewhat special and that my attitude falls into the category neither of the once-fashionable francophilia nor of the currently-raging gallophobia, though it partakes of the first and may help to explain the second.

I first visited France with my parents in 1924 at the age of eight. I have returned since then at approximately two-year intervals—the longest absence being that between the outbreak of war in September 1939 (when I was doing my Ph.D. research in the Archives Nationales) and the moment almost exactly five years later when I arrived in Paris in the wake of the liberating armies. None of these stays, however, was more than a few months in length, and before the age of twenty I never succeeded in getting out a full sentence in the French language. Subsequently, I became fluent in French and was able to teach in it without difficulty last year. Yet no one would take me for a Frenchman. Thus, while I have gradually come to know the country well—and to know it over an extended period of time under different regimes and in widely varying capacities—I have always experienced it as an unmistakable foreigner.

I returned to Paris last year with my memories neatly arranged in superimposed layers: first in time came the resplendent city that to a boy's imagination was still bathed in the special prestige of a military victory only a half decade in the past, an impression reinforced by subsequent fleeting visits to the place I was instructed to admire the most among the capitals of Europe; by 1936—now free of parental supervision—I discovered my personal vantage-point in cheering for Léon Blum and the Popular Front; and three years later there was the misery of seeing an unhappy people set out to war, and the excitement (undercut by a guilty feeling of desertion) of slipping out of Le Havre on the last ship to sail for America from the Channel ports—sentiments that could finally be reconciled when I succeeded in returning in the guise of a liberator and found myself in the September sunshine admiring the Parisian girls, their skirts billowing around their waists as they glided on their bicycles down the Champs Elysées, then blessedly free of traffic.

Once again France and the French had acquired in my mind a peculiar and incomparable prestige and one that somehow survived the more ambiguous impressions of ten postwar visits. Yet as I searched my memories last year, I came to the realization that what was happy in these recollections almost invariably had nothing to do with Paris. It was of motoring or bicycling in the countryside—or of visits to friends in some provincial retreat—or even the only-partially French experience of a year's wartime residence in Algiers. And in this sense my last and longest visit a year ago ran true to form; the sole period of sustained contentment my wife and I enjoyed was an extended Easter weekend in the valley of the Dordogne. Of Paris itself our dominant impression was of pervasive sadness.

WHY "triste"? The myth of "gay Paree" dies hard. Among all the trials of an excessively studious year, the hardest we found to bear was the reaction of fellow Americans who would roll their eyes salaciously at the notion of the glorious time we must be having. In fact in its external rhythm our life was not notably different from what it might have been at home—Sunday afternoon at the theater, one evening a week at a restaurant, and another dining at the homes of French friends and acquaintances. I add these trivial details to suggest that we did not lack Parisian contact and entertainment; we did not have the experience of so many American academics who spend their sabbatical year cut off from the French and driven back on their own countrymen for society. Yet even in our relatively favored situation we found our social life thin: nothing seemed to add to anything else; each evening was a separate event

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—one might almost say performance—which bore no relation to those that came before and after.

This gave an initial key to the feeling of *tristesse*: our French friends, we found, led isolated lives, and of necessity ours was the same. There is of course supposed to be a *tout Paris*, where everybody of public prominence sees and is seen by everybody else—apparently a very trying ritual—but the people we knew did not belong to it. Nor did they live in a university community such as exists even in the big cities of America, for example around the University of Chicago or on Morningside Heights. They were scattered all over Paris, each family holed up in the apartment that served as their fortress against the outside world. Within its walls they struggled to surmount the practical problems of life—recalcitrant landlords, inefficient Spanish servants, traffic bottlenecks, and above all, an income inadequate to the crushing cost of living. Knowing all this, we found our pleasure in an evening's entertainment constantly undermined by a realization of the strenuous feats of improvisation our hostess had performed in order to make her dinner party possible.

THESE DINNERS were usually complex, full-course affairs. The effort to maintain a traditional standard of entertaining under radically changed circumstances epitomizes why life for the Parisian intellectual class is so hard. And the same, I suspect, is true of a number of the city's professional milieux. Currently the Parisians are living in a state of only half-conscious social transition; and since they are not fully aware of what is going on, they suffer simultaneously from the drawbacks of the type of society they are leaving and from those of the new social mores that are not yet fully developed. They strive against increasing odds to maintain the old leisurely forms and ceremonies while doing their best to conform to what they think of as a dynamic contemporary style. But the traditions become more and more taxing as there are fewer and fewer servants and amenities to support them, while the "modern" behavior in its turn lacks the simplicity of life and the amiable directness that in our country have become second nature. Lunch is the symbol of the new social incoherence. A generation ago the two-hour break at noon made sense: the French professional man could go home and restore his energies at the emotionally reinforcing family table. Today he must brave the traffic, and his wife must labor over a hot meal, all rather rushed, and still at three o'clock he finds himself desperately glancing at his watch as his car or bus inches back to his office. Fewer and fewer men in fact go home; but the regular restaurants are expensive, and the quick-lunch establishments lack the atmosphere of easy, good-natured hurry that an American normally expects.

Wherever he has his lunch, the Parisian works a longer day than the New Yorker. (Whether if his job were more efficiently organized he would have to work that hard is another matter.) And at the end of it he is even more exhausted than his American counterpart. (*Ereinté, épuisé, crevé*—the variations on the past participle are legion.) When the weekend comes, his only idea is to escape the city. The weekly exodus from Paris is without parallel elsewhere, and the Sunday evening return is sheer nightmare. I find it hard to believe that this kind of holiday is truly restorative—particularly since it often does not begin until Saturday noon. What impressed me most about the Parisians was that they were perpetually unnerved—*à bout de nerfs*—at the very end of their tether and ready to snap at any moment.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that old-world courtesy has gone out the window. Where one lives on such narrow margins of time, money, space, and energy, and where the anticipation of a weekend elsewhere alone enables the individual Parisian to get through his punishing day, an absence of *politesse* is only to be expected. People do not look for courtliness on Madison Avenue—why should they demand it of Parisians? I think it is because we who have known France for a long time were trained to different expectations. I remember one of my teachers at school insisting that in French it was impossible to say simply "yes," "no," "hello," or "goodbye": "*Oui, madame*"—"*au revoir, monsieur*"—the title of address was the essential accompaniment to every such casual remark. Recent experience has proved that in Paris at least this is no longer true, and the absence of the carefully-learned formulas rings on my ears more brutally than similar lapses in my own language. Sometimes, in a malicious effort to keep the French on their toes, I would wait at the door of a shop repeating "*Merci, madame, au revoir, madame,*" until the lady in question recalled her manners and delivered herself of the charmed words for which I was angling.

Which is all to say that my own notions of Parisian behavior were behind the times—just as the language I spoke was free from the anglicisms against which my teachers had warned me and which are now accepted features of colloquial usage. A certain brusqueness, a conscious defiance of the traditional rules of speech—these are aspects of the new dynamic style. And this would be quite acceptable (although unnerving to foreigners like myself whose image of France was formed a generation ago), if it were consistently followed. The corollaries to "modern" behavior should logically be a flexibility of mind and a disregard for cultural frontiers. But such is far from being the case. What struck me most about the Parisian intellectuals I encountered was the tenacity of their cultural provincialism. I had experienced it—

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mostly at second-hand—fifteen or twenty years ago, but I had imagined that in the meantime things had changed. Indeed, I had set out to write a book that would chronicle the transformation. But the book took on a new ending as it gradually dawned on me that the intellectuals of Paris, with rare exceptions, *still* seemed incapable of reading works in foreign languages and were *still* behaving as though their own thoughts and writings were the natural center of the universe of letters.

IN ALL OTHER comparable countries—Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, the Low Countries, Scandinavia—such provincial responses are quite unacceptable today. (And my impression that this was so proved correct when in Turin, the first city we visited across the border, we found a welcoming openness and an absence of posturing in intellectuals whose eminence was just as great as that of their Parisian counterparts.) Why should the French alone be so defensive and truculent about their cultural values? There is of course the influence of de Gaulle—but I do not think that this has been crucial, and besides, Americans have said quite enough in denigration of the General and his works. The French intellectual's provincialism goes deeper and is more pervasive than the political regime under which he happens to live, reflecting the unique situation of his language and the culture associated with it. Again a reminiscence for illustration: at one Parisian dinner party I remarked experimentally and with feigned innocence that in view of the catastrophic falling-off in the study of German, the French should congratulate themselves on the fact that their language had held its own as the second most influential of those in use throughout the world; my remark fell just as flat as I had anticipated.

For French intellectuals linguistic second rank is not enough. I would point out to them in vain that the world position of English was a source of national pride neither to the British nor to ourselves: it was a convenience which had been unintentionally acquired, and which was the preserve of no particular nation, since it was a distinction shared among so many. But for the French the situation of their language is quite otherwise: it is theirs and theirs alone to defend and if possible to enhance. The other "francophones"—half the Belgians, a third of the Swiss, the embattled Québecois, the elites of Black Africa—really don't count; the constant references to them in the Parisian press have a faintly patronizing tone that reveals the underlying reality. Nor is there any other linguistic culture-group—not even the Spanish—that seriously tries to challenge the dominance of English. The situation of the French is without parallel in the world today: they alone are resisting the vast homogenizing process (of which the English language is merely the accidental vehicle) that contemporary technology is wreaking on the cultures of the world.

The tourist, Henry Adams remarked, is the great conservative. And as a cultural conservative by temperament I should be inclined to wish the French well in their effort to hold back the tide; I should hate to see the day—which may in fact be not far off—when it will be unnecessary for Americans to learn foreign languages, if only because it would prove so many of my own efforts to have been in vain. Were the French intellectuals simply taking a stand for the traditional values, they would inspire both respect and sympathy. But here we come round once again to the question of an old and a new style and an uncompleted social transformation. In the intellectual sphere as elsewhere the two ways of doing things reinforce each other's negative features to the detriment of both. The new brusqueness when combined with the old rigidity of concepts produces assertions that are at once sweeping and elliptical. In their effort to be up-to-date, the French intellectuals have arrived at an insolence of manner which makes their former supercilious self-confidence seem benign by comparison.

While the elements of one-upsmanship in Paris are the same as in other cultural capitals, its ravages are more pronounced. And the conversation-stopper is more lapidary and delivered with a tone of greater authority. Some inner compulsion seems to drive the Parisian intellectual to have a fixed opinion on every subject and to insist at all costs that he is right—even at the cost of being wrong. One night I cited to an assembled company a few lines of verse that I was having trouble in locating; another of the guests volunteered the name of the poet in a tone of total confidence, to which the rest gave vigorous assent. I was grateful for this assistance until I stumbled on the discovery that the information I had been furnished was incorrect. It had apparently never occurred to my French acquaintances to say that they were unsure or even perhaps that they didn't know. To have done so, I suppose, would have been taken as a sign of weakness.

The notion of intellectual life as a gladiatorial arena is by no means confined to Paris, but it is there that it reaches its supreme perfection. Despite the ferocity of this combat, certain reputations seem to enjoy the imprimatur of *le tout Paris* and are temporarily secure. Such is that of the film director, Jean-Luc Godard. Having once blurted out that I had found Godard's latest effort bad in all respects which I cared to name, I was told that he was a sacred cow who could not be judged by the usual standards. My informant, characteristically enough, was associated with *Le Nouvel Observateur*, the weekly which epitomizes the current combination of traditionalist assur-

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ance with a smart contemporary tone. Much of its reporting is thorough and responsible, but its reviews are maddeningly in-groupy and allusive, and their style hermetic, repetitive, and pretentious.

WHATEVER HAPPENED to the French style we were taught to admire as a model of grace and clarity? I shall venture a guess: on the philosophical side, the assault from Germany—the example of the three "H's": Hegel, Husserl, and Heidegger—has given a special prestige to a certain clotted portentousness; from the world of journalism has come the practice of inordinately rapid writing. Together, these two influences have produced a loss in feel for the language, and plain sloppiness of expression. At one time French writers did not require the aid of copy-editors: today the latter's absence is the most serious weakness of the Parisian book business. Deliverance from trying to keep up with publications such as *Le Nouvel Observateur* contributed to my sense of relief on leaving Paris. I should add in all fairness that in common with so many returnees from France, I have found the New York *Times* in its current condition of decadence no substitute for the magisterial *Le Monde*.

If your status in the intellectual pecking order is unclear—as mine was—it is advisable to identify yourself fully when making a phone call to someone you have never met. Indeed, it is best to write before trying to telephone at all. A sufficiently high-sounding identification is the only sure protection from a complicated runaround or flat rudeness on the part of secretaries and underlings. In Paris, the discourtesy of the young can be breathtaking: it is more painful than elsewhere since it is more conscious. But what grieved me most about so many of the young people I met was their lack of humor and their vulnerability to intellectual simplifications. I had occasion to attend two public peace meetings in the course of my year abroad. The first was in London: here, where I was one of the speakers, I was impressed by the cordiality of the audience and its understanding of the delicate position of the American away from home who feels obliged to attack the policy of his government. At the second meeting, in Paris, I found a totally different atmosphere. Suspecting what was going to happen, I had very wisely declined to speak. But the reality surpassed my forebodings as one orator after another gave vent to the crudest and most violent hatred of the United States, to which a predominantly student crowd responded with noisy and rhythmic approval.

Not all French students were as strident as these. Some I encountered were fully sensitive to both intellectual and personal nuance. I recall with gratitude the sympathetic attentiveness of the class I taught at the new suburban branch of the University of Paris in Nanterre, and in particular the student who hastened after me at the end of my second lecture to forestall any possible hurt feelings by explaining that it was not the local custom to applaud every time. I also remember the kindness of my departmental chairman, who had acquired abroad a quite uncharacteristic notion of his responsibilities to a visitor. But Nanterre itself was as bleak as any newly-established offshoot of an American state university. Built on the treeless site of a former army camp, lacking such amenities as libraries and cafés, it offered at least the precious advantage over the Sorbonne of sunny lecture rooms in which it was possible for every student to find a seat. On Fridays I would join the crowd of surprisingly docile young people who filled the commuter train from the Gare Saint-Lazare to the special university stop just short of Nanterre called (quite literally) "La Folie." At Saint-Lazare this station was identified soberly enough as "Les Facultés." But at the stop itself some cultivated wag among the employees of the state railways had pointedly labeled it "La Folie —Complexe Universitaire."

Whether within the Parisian university system or outside it, I found the usual generational gap taking a curiously inverted form. The young and those in early middle age seemed to suffer from the pervading *tristesse*. It was only among the sixty-year olds that I rediscovered the playful merriness I had earlier thought of as characteristic of the Gallic temperament. The most enjoyable social evening I can recall was one enlivened by the wit of a wartime associate of de Gaulle—now relegated to obscurity—who told us without bitterness or malice what it was like to work for so exacting a boss. And the most engaging new acquaintance I made was with a man of similar age, the son of a leading statesman of the 1920's, an eternal *gamin* whose fund of political anecdote spilled over without reserve or *arrière-pensée*. Both of these men lived on memories, it was true. Yet they had kept their verve and their sense of life as innocent fun: it was these qualities that I missed in the stiff careerism of their juniors.

So it is perhaps only natural that our happiest memories of Paris should be of quiet nostalgia or unexpected touches of kindness. After a few weeks we settled into a perfectly bearable *petit train-train* of existence; we learned how to reduce to a minimum the humiliations and the emotional bruises that seem to form the inevitable accompaniment of contemporary Parisian life. We knew what places to avoid and returned to those where we had been treated well. We discovered that on Sundays—with most of the cars out of the city—walking along the avenues or the quais could still be a joy. We located one of the few remaining bus lines on which it was possible to ride as before on an open rear platform. We even found a café that

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served us a quick lunch with good humor—where our habits became so familiar that we would be greeted at the door with our waiter already proclaiming our order to the bar: "*Deux ballons de Muscadet—deux.*"

THE IMAGE that lingers longest in my mind is of walking home after a matinée at the Comédie Française past the splendor of the Louvre and over the Pont du Carrousel in the soft Parisian twilight. Or perhaps it is of a Saturday lunch in the country and visiting a small château in the company of my oldest and best French friend, a lady wracked by repeated family tragedy. The restaurant was unpretentious, the château equally so, and before the day was over a slight rain had begun to fall. But the entire afternoon was suffused with sympathetic memory and a sense of holding on to something precious that was in danger of slipping away. After all she had been through, my friend was saying, she needed to be enveloped by *douceur*—that untranslatable word which combines sweetness and gentleness. And around the three of us, my friend, my wife, and me, the atmosphere of *douceur* which had eluded us all year miraculously gathered.

It will be quite a while before I go back to Paris—and then only briefly, to see a few old friends whose ranks have been thinned by premature death. *La douce France*—"the pleasant land of France"—where did it vanish? I think I can explain, but the sadness is still with me.

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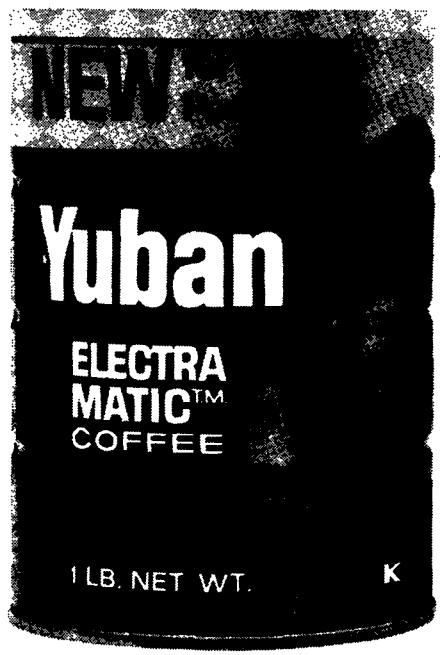

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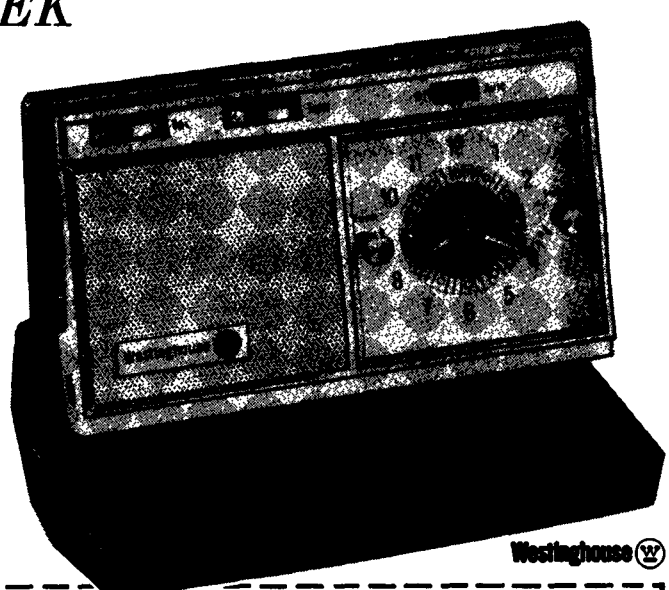

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An Undiscovered Master

Paul Warshow

THE FRENCH writer Raymond Queneau has had in his own country both a popular success and a *succès d'estime*. In England, where translations of his books are not too hard to find and where most literary people read French anyway, he is fairly well-known. But in the United States he is almost entirely unknown—and this is a great pity, for he is one of the most interesting writers alive in any language. Queneau, who was born in 1903, has written books on mathematics and essays in philosophy and linguistics; many poems, some of which have been made into songs, most notably "Si tu t'imagines," a modern-day slang version of Herrick and Ronsard which became one of Juliette Greco's most popular *chansons*; and dialogue or scenarios for films by Bunuel, Clément, and Resnais. But his central achievement is as a novelist who has published fifteen novels, at fairly regular intervals, over the past thirty-four years.

Queneau's novels are extremely hard to describe, for they are very original and do not lend themselves easily to paraphrase or analogy. In large part this difficulty is a matter of language, for Queneau is one of those virtuosos of style in whose work the value of what is said depends almost entirely upon the way it is said. What are the characteristics of Queneau's style? To begin with, there is his use of colloquial French which, although frequently a source of comedy, originally derived from quite serious theoretical considerations. Very early in his career, Queneau became concerned about the enormous gap between literary and spoken French, a gap which he felt was having a sterilizing effect on French literature. Indeed his first novel, *Le Chiendent*, grew out of an attempt to put Descartes's *Discourse on Method* into modern French slang. Attempts to approach or duplicate spoken French preponderate in all of Queneau's novels. The least frequent but most striking method, employed quite sparingly, is a form of phonetic spelling to approximate actual pronunciation. Thus "monsieur" is almost always written "meussieu," "à cette heure" become "asteure," and whole sentences are run together as in actual speech, the most famous example being the first "word" of *Zazie dans le métro*, "Doukipudonktan," a phonetic transcription of *D'où est-ce qu'ils puent donc tant?* ("Where do they stink so?"). Queneau will also imitate the spoken word order, or change tenses in mid-sentence, in ways that radically violate traditional grammar. To translate such devices into English is not only difficult, it is sometimes futile or misleading, for they frequently serve a function in French which has no parallel in English. Finally, Queneau makes use of a colloquial, sometimes a vulgar, vocabulary, familiar to any reader of the novels of Céline or Sartre.

BUT QUENEAU is too much of an artist to be bound by a single theory, and the simulation of spoken French is only one of his stylistic tools. One of his best-known, most ingenious, and most enjoyable books is his *Exercices de Style*, in which he rewrites a banal anecdote ninety-nine different ways (excerpts from this book, in French, may be found in Dwight Macdonald's anthology, *Parodies*). Only a few of the "styles" practiced here resemble anything in Queneau's novels or, indeed, are viable outside such a mechanical context (nor are they parodies, as Macdonald admits), but the conception behind the book is wholly characteristic of Queneau's work, which is in large part an exploration of the variegated possibilities—often the comic possibilities—of language. A frequent device (almost in contradiction to the use of colloquial language) is circumlocution. Queneau writes, for example (in *Pierrot mon ami*), of a public quarrel: "The principal physiological functions of the human body were invoked by both groups, as were various organs situated between the knee and the waist," or, with the aid of a pun, that Zazie's mother, gazing down at her naked lover asleep on the bed, looked at "the object which had occupied her so much during a day and two nights." But the technique of circumlocution is not limited to the obscene: Queneau simply enjoys describing *any* object or action in a vague, general, or indirect fashion. On the level of diction this consists in writing "vehicle" for "car," or "moistening their ingestive tubes" for "drinking." At its most successful, this approaching of the ordinary through indirection provides more than comedy: paradoxically it brings the ordinary back to us with a new vividness and wonder. Queneau, of course, is hardly the first writer to realize that by having to recognize the familiar clothed in unfamiliar language, by having to find our way back to the commonplace as though it were the end of a maze, we are rewarded by rediscovering it as though we had never seen it before.

Like Rabelais, Queneau displays an enormous erudition, not only in the size and abstruseness of his vocabulary, but also in the breadth of literary, historical, and scientific allusion which finds its way into his novels. And, also like Rabelais, he is given to comic lists and enumerative passages, such as this marvelous description (from *Loin de Rueil*) of a strange passerby (whom the hero, Jacques, is following), in terms of what he does *not* do:

> What is the guy doing? There's no way to tell. He doesn't stop in front of any stores, he doesn't turn around to follow women, he doesn't say minh at cats kss at dogs or psst at taxis, he doesn't pat children's faces, he doesn't

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PAUL WARSHOW, *here making his first appearance in* COMMENTARY, *is a young writer who lives in New York.*

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try not to walk on the cracks in the pavement, he doesn't ask cops the way, he doesn't go into any urinals, he doesn't cross the street without looking to the left and then to the right, he neither sneezes, belches, nor farts, he doesn't give breadcrumbs to little birds or to fat pigeons, he doesn't wait for any bus or streetcar, he doesn't stick his finger in his nose, he doesn't swing his arms as he walks, he scratches neither his arm nor his anus, he doesn't take out his handkerchief to wipe his face or to blow his nose, he doesn't take out his handkerchief at all, he doesn't wipe his face, he doesn't blow his nose nor does he spit on the ground, he doesn't smoke, he doesn't put his hands in his pockets, he doesn't throw bits of paper, bus or trolley tickets in the gutter, he doesn't limp, he has no tics or twitches, he is such a model citizen that Jacques is wondering how he can go about attaining this degree of perfection and self-effacement when the guy suddenly grabs a woman's purse and runs off at a clip.

This passage gives some indication of how hard it is to characterize Queneau's novels by talking *about* them. But Queneau's language is only half the problem. The best of Queneau's critics—complaining, similarly, about the impossibility of paraphrasing or extracting the meaning of a Queneau novel—have compared his novels to poems; they are referring, in this case, not to the language of the novels but to their *structure*. In this, such critics in part take their cue from Queneau himself, who has written of his efforts to impose on the novel rules analogous to those of the old established poetic forms or of the classical theater. For example, *Le Chiendent* (Queneau's first and most complex novel, as well as one of his best) is made up of seven chapters of thirteen sections each (these numbers come from Queneau's private "mythology"). With the exception of the thirteenth and last section of each chapter, every one of the ninety-one sections of the novel is a unit: first in that it observes the classical unities of place, time, and action; and second in that it is limited to a single and consistent mode of narration: pure narrative, pure dialogue, narrative with dialogue, interior monologue, letters, etc.

Besides rules like these—which seem largely imposed from the outside and which, in general, grow more relaxed and less arbitrary in his later, simpler, more linear novels—Queneau in his novels takes over from poetry other characteristics which are more directly experienced by the reader. Among these are "rhyme" and repetition (the division between the two is not definite) of events, phrases, and words throughout each novel. Thus in *Le Chiendent*, the hanging of the young man, Narcense, toward the end of the novel, rhymes with the hanging of the dog, Jupiter, toward the beginning of the novel; and when at the end of *Loin de Rueil* the poet des Cigales takes Michou to the movies, where the star of the Western (although they don't know it) is Michou's father, Jacques L'Aumône (now James Charity), this rhymes with an incident near the beginning of the novel when Jacques, as a little boy, met des Cigales in a Western at the same movie theater. There are also leitmotifs which recur, like the refrain of a poem, throughout each of Queneau's novels. Sometimes these devices do more than ornament or give rhythm to the novel: they may also be a means of conveying the plot. For example, the only way we know that the Borgeiro Indian and "the man in the red vest," whom Jacques meets in South America in the ninth chapter of *Loin de Rueil*, are in fact two characters named Horace and Tonton, is that they repeat, almost word for word, a conversation they had in a bar in Rueil, outside Paris, in the fourth chapter. Perhaps the structural characteristic most important to the meaning of the novels is the "structure in a circle" (in a sense a broader form of rhyme or repetition) by which the opening of a novel is recapitulated at the end in exact or similar form.

This studied formal manipulation may sound academic in theory, but in practice it is anything but. One must realize, first of all, that in many cases these structural devices and cross-references, stated here so explicitly, are woven with considerable subtlety into the texture of the novel. In discovering these hidden connections, the reader experiences the same order of satisfaction as that afforded the listener to a Bach fugue when he first becomes aware of an inversion of the main theme hidden in one of the inner voices. By his form as well as by his language, Queneau is simply bringing into the novel the pure aesthetic pleasure, the "play element," which is basic to music, poetry, dance, and—sometimes—to theater and film, but which is seldom found with much intensity in any but the less "legitimate" forms of fiction such as detective stories and particularly children's books. It may, indeed, be just this aspect of Queneau's work which has kept *its* "legitimacy" in doubt for many people, especially for those businesslike readers who want to dispense with the funny stuff and get on to the grand statements. Such people are bound to be put off by Queneau's novels, for Queneau has a horror of grand statements, and much of his technique can be regarded as a system to guard against them. In this connection Queneau's Surrealist experience is pertinent and illuminating, although not so much for its positive influence upon Queneau as for his reaction against it.

Queneau was active in the Surrealist movement from 1924 (when he was twenty-one) to 1929, when he broke abruptly with André Breton and went off on his own. Surrealism's main tenet of creation was, of course, a belief in untrammeled free association, in letting the unconscious do its work without outside interference. At the same time, Surrealism tried to be far more than a literary movement: dominated by Breton's powerful personality, it aspired to consideration on religious and philosophical grounds and (in its brief and far-fetched relationship with the Communist party) on political ones as well. The pretentiousness of Breton and the Surrealists is satirized for all it is worth in Queneau's semi-autobiographical novel, *Odile*. At the period of his life which corresponds to the end of this novel, Queneau felt, as he has indicated elsewhere, that the aesthetic an-

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archy of Surrealism had brought him to a creative impasse: in breaking with Surrealism, there was no place to go except back to "classicism," that is, to self-imposed rules and extreme structural consciousness. (Of course this "classicism"—learned from English and American rather than from French examples and applied to material whose richness was in part fostered by Surrealism itself—was quite a different thing from the classicism of Racine or Mme. de Lafayette; it was something totally new in French literature.) Thus we can think of Queneau's novels, in part, as a reaction to Surrealism. It is as though, in response to Surrealism's free mode of composition, and its enormous extra-literary pretensions, he set out to create self-enclosed works, written to satisfy the most stringent formal requirements—works which would mean nothing beyond themselves.

"One can say of Queneau what Beckett said of Joyce," Claude Simonnet has written: " 'He is not writing about something: he is writing something.' " Yet when all is said about the "purely aesthetic" value of Queneau's novels, their hermeticism, we must turn right around and say the opposite: that the "something" he is creating is "about something"—namely, about our world—and that if it weren't, we would not enjoy it or be moved by it and there would be no point in our paying attention to it. It is not simply that, as Jacques Guicharnaud has indicated, those apparently self-referential "exercises" in style and form are transmutations (one might even say "codifications") of Queneau's private obsessions (one only has to turn to his wonderful autobiographical poem, *Chêne et chien*, to find these obsessions in a much more explicit form); Queneau's private obsessions are not *necessarily* of interest to us. It is that at his best, Queneau has created in art a vision of our world, which is funny, moving, recognizable, and true.

YET LIKE other modern literary worlds, Queneau's world may strike us as odd before it strikes us as true. One characteristic of this world is that all phenomena—large and small, abstract and concrete—

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tend to be presented as equal and to be given equal stress. Just as Queneau heightens the commonplace and the trivial by an unwonted lyricism and by the technique I have loosely called circumlocution, conversely he brings the highflown and the abstract down to earth by putting them into ordinary, nonliterary language—by making them appear, so to speak, in their work clothes. "Consciousness, death, the meaning of life, nothingness—these are subjects worthy of our consideration. But the weather, potato peelers, the sale of picture frames, the breeding of lice, the art of sweeping—what kind of foolishness is this?" So Jacques Guicharnaud begins his excellent essay on Queneau, expressing with mock disapproval the bewilderment the reader initially feels before this equality of subject-matter, this disconcerting absence of hierarchy.

But something more profound, more praiseworthy, and more difficult than an "equalization" or leveling-off process is at work: for this apparently nihilistic writer is in fact creating a kind of synthesis of the abstract and the concrete, thereby restoring the world to us whole. Queneau is notorious for always putting his metaphysical statements and speculations into the mouths of *concierges* or other lower-class characters, where they are couched in the most common and frequently vulgar language. The comic aspect of the procedure is undeniable, but those readers and critics are wrong who suppose that Queneau is mainly out to ridicule either *concierges* or philosophy. Rather he means to bring them into the same sphere, to make them relevant to each other; for if metaphysics cannot apply to and be discussed by *concierges*—he seems to be asking—what possible use is it? Hence, much more than a linguistic commitment is implied by undertaking to translate Descartes into slang; and much more than a purely linguistic achievement is to be found in the body of novels fostered by this seemingly modest goal.

FOR, AT HIS most brilliant, Queneau has given flesh to abstract ideas in a way that is extremely rare, if not unique, in literature. I am thinking particularly of the episode of Ernestine's death in *Le Chiendent*, in my opinion one of the greatest and most moving passages in all literature. Toward the end of Ernestine's wedding to *le père* Taupe, the bride suddenly falls ill, and the doctor announces that she has only twenty minutes to live. First the wedding guests sit downstairs, each one asking himself the question, "Who is Ernestine?," each one answering differently according to the relationship he has had with her, but all thinking, "It's something upstairs which is dying. Ernestine, that's not me." The next section is largely a monologue in which Ernestine explains to the guests (now upstairs in her room), in the crudest and most vulgar language possible, what it means to be dying ("When anything disappears, that's already pretty funny. But me. Now that's really incredible.") and to have lived. In substance, then, this sequence is a philosophic inquiry into life and death (Claude Simonnet finds echoes of Heidegger in Ernestine's speech); yet its crude but poetic directness of language makes it comparable to Villon's "Les regrets de la belle Hëaulmiere"—and it deserves to live as long. Queneau means to change Death back into death, to de-abstractify it, to recognize it existentially as something which—as Ernestine herself declares—is happening to her alone, yet without robbing it of the cogency it had as an abstract idea.

Another dominant fact of Queneau's world, a sort of corollary to the apparent equality among all phenomena and states of being, is that there is no "progress"; nothing ever goes anywhere. This is expressed by the circular structure of so many of his novels. If Gide, as he wrote in his journal, wanted the reader to say at the end of *Les faux-monnayeurs*, "Could be continued," Queneau in his novels might be construed as wishing the response, "Might never have happened." Indeed, in the most artificial and least successful application of the circular structure (in *Le Chiendent*) the author simply intervenes on the last page and brings everything back to the beginning. Less artificially, the circular movement is manifested sometimes (as in *Loin de Rueil*) by the recurrence of a situation similar to that of the beginning, sometimes (as in *Pierrot mon ami*) by the awareness that the events of the book have led to nothing. In the latter novel (the most nearly flawless of the seven of Queneau's novels I have read), Pierrot, a sort of comic version of Camus's Meursault, goes through a series of oddball adventures which, finally, never touch him. He holds, and is fired from, a series of jobs; he is in love with a girl who, on every one of their repeated and often bizarre encounters, barely remembers who he is; he is peripherally connected with a possible case of arson; he is offered an inheritance, which he passes up out of sheer negligence. In the epilogue, as he looks back on these events, they are more blurred for him than they are for the reader; they might never have happened. For Pierrot the past simply has no reach into the present. The novel is a sort of shaggy-dog story, in which an extremely involved and tightly controlled plot structure leads the reader to expect—and then find absent—those elements which such a structure has traditionally conveyed: changes in characters and in their situation and the development of relationships among characters. It is a novel in which many things occur and nothing happens.* Pierrot is typical of Queneau's heroes, who (like the hero of Truffaut's *Shoot the Piano Player*) are momentarily drawn into life, only to recede again into their natural state of passive anonymity, observing with bemused detachment the sound and fury around them.

The essential modesty of his heroes also characterizes Queneau himself. Exhibiting what Lionel Trilling found in E. M. Forster, a "refusal to be great," Queneau would certainly approve (though it is hard to imagine him making) such statements of Forster's as the

* To Pierrot, that is. Many changes occur in the situations of the other characters, but these characters are seen from the outside, and their efforts and vicissitudes appear slightly ridiculous.

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one about betraying his country before his friend and the one (made in 1941 in response to the feverish postwar planning of people like H. G. Wells) that "To me, the best chance for future society lies through apathy, uninventiveness, and inertia." But any comparison with Forster must end there. In Queneau's world there is no more humanism, virtually no human relations, no past and no future—only the shadows of these, and the nostalgia brought on by their absence. What is left is the individual, stripped down to his essential, daydreaming self, and the moment and its pleasures which, as though in compensation for all that has been lost, are granted a kind of absolute value (as Andrée Bergens has written, for Queneau *"Le Bonheur n'existe pas, mais les bonheurs existent"*). Like Descartes, Queneau returns us to the essentials, where we are on firm ground. Yet the atmosphere of his novels is not spare and arid (like that of Beckett's plays) but rich and poetic: for all around we sense the whole world, eluding one's grasp, but resonant, mysterious, and undeniably there.

CLEARLY Queneau is—we cannot withhold the word any longer, however vague and overused it has become—a writer of the *absurd.* (Like other writers of the absurd, Queneau depends greatly on the distortion of reality, on the exaggeration of certain aspects of reality at the expense of others. Thus, when I said earlier that Queneau's work was "true," I did not, of course, mean a literal truth.) But he may seem to exemplify even better a word which is not nearly so well-known: 'Pataphysics. 'Pataphysics is a school of thought originated by Alfred Jarry and now embodied in the form of the Collège de 'Pataphysique, which counts among its officials Eugène Ionesco, René Clair, Jean Dubuffet, Jacques Prévert, and—Raymond Queneau. As Roger Shattuck has written (in *Evergreen Review*):

> 'Pataphysics is the science of the particular, of laws governing exceptions. . . . 'Pataphysics relates each thing and each event not to any generality (a mere plastering over of exceptions) but to the

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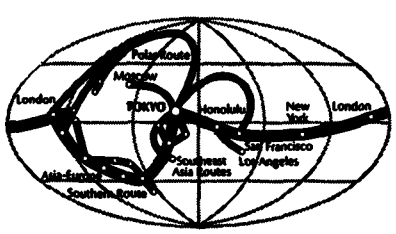

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> singularity which makes it an exception. Thus the science of 'Pataphysics attempts no cures, envisages no progress, distrusts all claims of "improvement" in the state of things, and remains innocent of any message.
>
> For 'Pataphysics, all things are equal. The 'pataphysician . . . rejects all values, moral, aesthetic, and otherwise. . . . 'Pataphysics preaches no rebellion and no acquiescence, no new morality or immorality, no political reform nor reaction and certainly no promise of happiness nor unhappiness. What would be the use, all things being equal?

In many ways this is the perfect description of Queneau's vision of the world. Yet in his best books, Queneau is not a true 'pataphysician, for he only *appears* to possess another of the 'pataphysician's requisite traits: imperturbability.

If Queneau has been often misunderstood by daily reviewers, he has been very fortunate in the critics who have devoted separate studies to him. Works by Jacques Bens, Claude Simonnet, Andrée Bergens, and Jacques Guicharnaud are all, in their different ways, excellent and illuminating.* Yet if there is one fault in all these works (with the possible exception of the one by Bens), it is a tendency to take the absurd and 'pataphysical nature of Queneau's books too much at face value. Thus in a section of her book called *"Gratuité de l'oeuvre,"* Mrs. Bergens sums up Queneau's work by saying, "The world is absurd and the work of literature is *just* an exercise in style [my italics]. . . . Because of the acceptance of the absurd, which is not freely chosen but rather forced upon one by necessity, Queneau's characters are not driven to modify their condition. Queneau's work, indeed, is characterized by the absence of conflict; thus there is no dramatic tension [*ressort dramatique*]. This is a formidable handicap which the thinker has imposed on the writer." These remarks are subject to some modification. It is true that Queneau's characters, on the whole, do not *act* to change their condition and that, as Mrs. Bergens says, "Queneau is led to renounce all the heroic themes—action *engagement*, revolt—whose meaninglessness he knows in advance, philosophically." But there is a conflict, and that is the *felt* discrepancy between actual absurdity and the possibility of meaning, between what life is and what it should or could be. The attempt to bridge the discrepancy is expressed by the characters not physically, in action (for action is futile), but emotionally, in daydreaming and *longing*. Indeed, the pervading feeling of Queneau's best novels is nostalgia—not nostalgia for this or that, but a vague, unspecified, aching nostalgia for a meaning lost in some unknown time or place. We have felt this nostalgic mood elsewhere, surely: in *Jules and Jim* and *Shoot the Piano Player*, in Proust and in Beckett, the contemporary writer who is temperamentally closest to Queneau. Didi and Gogo in *Waiting for Godot* don't try to change their condition; they wait for Godot, and when they say they're going to leave, they continue to sit there. Yet we know what the conflict is, and our concept of the "dramatic," far from excluding the play, had to be modified to include it.

THE TENDENCY to take Queneau's 'Pataphysics at face value seems to lead to a sort of infection, by which these critics are led to judge Queneau's novels 'pataphysically, i.e., as if they were all forcibly of equal value. On the whole, the critics I have mentioned tend to demonstrate brilliantly the presence of certain themes in each novel (as well as in all of Queneau's work) and the interrelationships among the parts of the novel without ever asking the question, "How good is this novel?"—which is as if one were to describe a girl in terms of her height, the color of her hair, the length of her nose, etc., without ever saying if she were beautiful or ugly. Now the ugliness or beauty of a Queneau novel has a lot to do with the absence or presence of conflict, with whether the "themes" are simply lying static, in a collection of gimmicks, or whether, on the contrary, they are embodied in the technique and "go somewhere" emotionally. Moreover, it is unjust to place Queneau's good novels, which are wonderful, on a level with his poor ones, which verge on the junky. (One must be particularly careful to make this distinction in Queneau's case because his best known and most successful novel, *Zazie dans le métro*, which is many readers' first and only taste of Queneau, is in the second category.)

I mention these matters because Queneau's most recent novel, *Les Fleurs Bleues*, published here in 1967 as *The Blue Flowers* in a translation by Barbara Wright,† would certainly pass muster by 'pataphysical standards; it displays Queneau's technical virtuosity considerably, yet remains a completely unsatisfactory work of art.

The Blue Flowers is Queneau's spoof on history, his attempt, I believe, to do for history what he did for the individual life in *Pierrot mon ami*: show that it comes to nothing. Its two main characters are Cidrolin, a pale replica of Queneau's earlier passive-sweet heroes, and his alter ego, the Duke of Auge, a pugnacious hell-raiser and blasphemer and Cidrolin's antithesis. Whenever Cidrolin falls asleep, he dreams he's the Duke of Auge, and vice versa. The situation suggests Voznesensky's clerk, Bukashkin, with face as "gray as blotting paper," who dreams of Anti-Bukashkin, the "demon-magician": "But Anti-Bukashkin's dreams are the color/ Of blotting paper, and couldn't be duller." Cidrolin lives idly, in 1964, on a barge perpetually moored on the Seine; Auge, on the other hand, keeps reappearing throughout history at 175-year intervals beginning in 1264, thus being able to make mischief under four kings of France and finally to meet Cidrolin in 1964.

Much ingenuity and erudition have gone into this historical mock-reconstruction and into the playing with anachronism which draws upon it. In 1264, the Duke conscientiously derives from the Latin the as-yet-non-existent words *siesta*, *handkerchief*, and *barge* to desig-

* The essay by Prof. Jacques Guicharnaud of Yale, which appeared in the Columbia Modern Writers series, is probably the best introduction for someone who has not read a lot of Queneau. It is also the first, and only, separately published work on Queneau in English.

† Atheneum. 224 pp., $5.00.

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nate certain properties of his dreams. In 1614, the Duke's son-in-law tells him, " 'You're a real Don Quixote.' " " 'What's that?' " asks the Duke. " 'Don Quixote? The best foreign book to appear in the year 1614. I read it in César Oudin's translation.' " " 'What a pedant,' " says the Duke. It is almost superfluous to go to the Encyclopedia and discover that César Oudin is indeed the first French translator of *Don Quixote*. Much ingenuity has gone as well into the book's word-play, in which the pun, mostly the bad pun, predominates. And a kind of mechanical ingenuity has gone into the book's structure, by which the sections concerning Cidrolin and the sections concerning the Duke are cleverly made to balance, parallel, alternate with, and complement each other.

But ingenuity, like money, is a means, not an end; it is not nourishing in itself. Having little besides ingenuity to offer, *The Blue Flowers*—like the earlier *Zazie*—begins to seem like a long and rather tasteless collection of jokes and gimmicks, many of them rather stale. There are too many remarks of the caliber of "you don't take the Bastille every day of the week, especially in the 13th century." And when the clichéd joke about people being surprised and frightened by a talking horse had been repeated for about the third time, I could not help thinking nostalgically of the subtlety of Queneau's story, "Le cheval troyen," the point of which (though never stated) was to treat a talking horse in an otherwise realistic context as perfectly ordinary—and merely annoying.

Thus, although *The Blue Flowers* permits the same kind of detailed cross-referential analysis that Claude Simonnet devoted to *Le Chiendent*, it does not deserve it; indeed if it were not by Queneau, it would hardly deserve being talked about at all. One has the impression of a lot of technique feeding cannibalistically on itself because there is no felt content for it to control. Whereas there are worlds of suggestion and feeling behind the sentences of *Le Chiendent* or *Loin de Rueil* or *Pierrot mon ami*, the language of *The*

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Blue Flowers is a brittle papier-maché façade. The book is, in relation to Queneau's good novels, what Fellini's *Juliet of the Spirits* is in relation to *8½*: an example of an artist corrupting his own style by removing it from its source and using it where he has nothing genuine to say. Yet it is not exactly fair to say that the book is not about anything, since there are potentially interesting but stillborn ideas in it: the indeterminacy of dream and reality, the simultaneity of all history and its essential pointlessness, the brutal man of action and the idle dreamer as being two sides of the same coin, etc. One should perhaps say, rather, that the book *is not* what it is "about"—that its form is not an embodiment of its themes but a receptacle for them. In any case, it is a book quite unworthy of its author.

BUT IT WOULD be criminal to end on a negative note. At least three of Queneau's novels (I can speak only for what I have read) are works of great beauty, in fact masterpieces: *Le Chiendent, Pierrot mon ami,* and *Loin de Rueil.* They should be read. This may seem too much to ask, given the virtual absence of English translations of these novels,* but anyone who reads Stendhal or Gide in the original should not hesitate to undertake Queneau, so long as he supplements his Larousse with a dictionary of French slang.

When Queneau's novels are finally widely read, I think he will be seen as one of the first writers to make ordered and enduring works out of the ephemeral chaos of Surrealism, and as a precursor of Beckett and Ionesco and other important writers of the past decades. (We must remember that Queneau's first novel, *Le Chiendent,* appeared in 1933, nine years before *The Stranger,* seventeen years before *The Bald Soprano,* nineteen years before *Waiting for Godot.*) But the crucial thing is not Queneau's "place" in literary history; the crucial thing is that his books are alive now. Their "obscurity" is contingent rather than necessary. Moving, sad, yet extremely comic, they speak for themselves. All they need is readers.

* Queneau has been very unfortunate in the translation and publication of his books in the United States. The first to be published here was *Loin de Rueil,* brought out in 1948 as *The Skin of Dreams* by New Directions, in a translation by H. J. Kaplan. Mr. Kaplan was one of the first and only Americans to recognize Queneau's importance; but he certainly didn't do a very careful job of translation and sometimes completely misconstrued the sense of the original. And *The Skin of Dreams* has been out of print for years. The other books to have appeared here are *Exercices de style* (wonderful for what it is), *Zazie dans le métro,* and *Les fleurs bleues,* all well-translated by Barbara Wright. As for the French editions of the three books I praised above, they are all in print, published by Gallimard; *Pierrot mon ami* is also available, more cheaply, as a Livre de Poche.

Crime and Punishment

Isidore Silver

THE TONE OF public documents reflects the temper of the times, and the temper of modern America seems to be that of Lyndon B. Johnson: a balance of the smug and the uneasy; a recognition of imperfection and an unwillingness to deal with real causes; a tendency to permit rhetoric to outpace, and ultimately to replace, reality. All these characteristics, unfortunately, have rubbed off on the recent report of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice.

The distinctive tone of the report becomes especially clear when one contrasts it with that of an earlier effort in the same direction. Thus, in 1931, the National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement—the so-called Wickersham Commission—observed: "The boldness with which the sheriffs, police, and state's attorneys practice . . . lawlessness is astonishing and goes on in spite of protests and rebukes from the courts. Indeed, no other fact more clearly demonstrates the feebleness of our courts than their inability, or at least their failure, to compel officers to obey the law...." That statement may or may not have been true, but it has the eminent virtues of being (a) controversial, (b) unequivocal, and (c) analyzable in rational debate. Moreover, it reflects its era's profound concern over the implications for a democracy of police misconduct.

The 1967 Commission does not recognize general lawlessness as a major problem, but, in discussing a similar issue, says:

> The precise extent to which [racial] prejudice affects the conduct of the officer on the street is not known. Social scientists, however, believe that discriminatory action is influenced not only by individual attitudes, by the social structure, and by the views of the rest of the group, but also by the policies of the organization.

That statement may or may not be true—assuming it has any meaning—but in either case it is (a) uncontroversial, (b) complex, and (c) virtually undebatable. It does, to be sure, show an awareness of the existence and undesirability of police prejudice, and of the fact that strong policy statements by high-ranking departmental officers *might* tend to mitigate the effects of such prejudice; but beyond that there is not much to chew on.

The difference between the 30's and the Johnsonian 60's is also reflected in the physical composition of the two reports. Thus the Wickersham paper on the police runs to a mere 140 single-column pages and is easy to read; the 1967 report on the same subject is longer by more than a third and its double columns of closely printed type seems to be designed to achieve a maximum degree of unreadability. In addition to the main 1967 report—308 double-column pages plus appendices—the American public has also been assailed by no fewer than nine task-force papers of immodest length.

This lengthiness is only partly justified by the Commission's attempt at comprehensiveness and by the inclusion of all manner of statistics, tables, flow charts, cost-benefit analyses, along with a welter of more than two hundred recommendations ranging from the general (abolish the slums) to the

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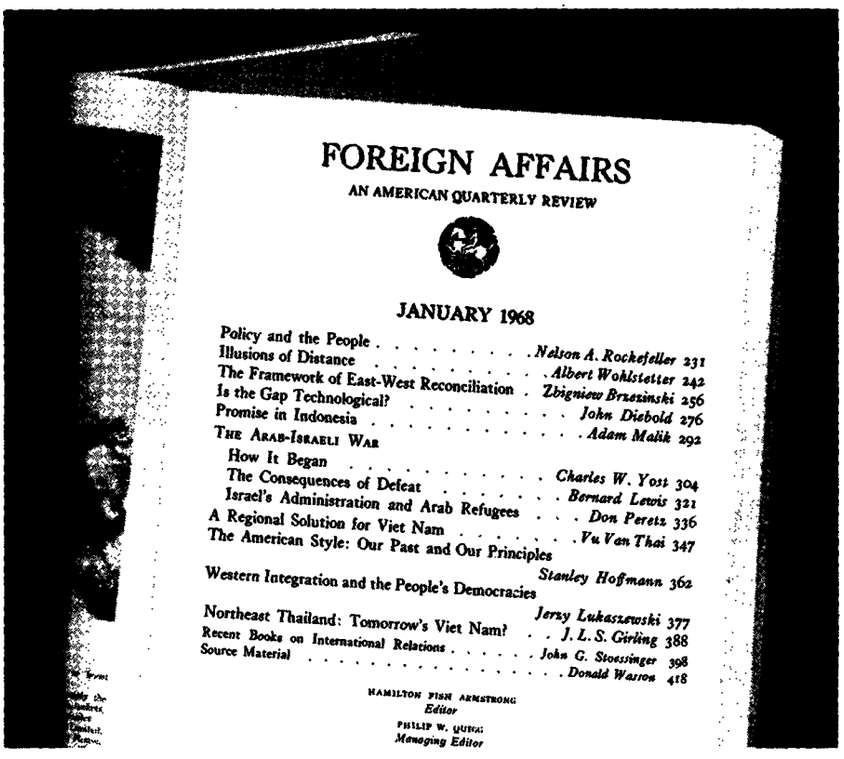
specific (computerize the police call system). The resulting report is, to be sure, infinitely more "scientific" than the Wickersham studies, but it is marred by the absence of a sustained inquiry into the nature of "crime," the nature of the "criminal," or the nature of the society that fosters them.

INSTEAD OF raising such fundamental questions, the report simply tends to assume that crime is an alien phenomenon, a disease of society. Crime is not "normal," and with the proper will and financial resources it can be "cured." Crime is not a necessary product of modern urban and industrial life, but rather the result of particular conditions in particular places. Francisco Carrara, an eminent Italian criminologist, once noted that "crime is not an entity in fact but an entity in law." For the Commission, however, crime is not that conduct which society defines as punishable, but rather a given entity that can be eradicated. Even though "there can be no instant victory," as President Johnson said and the report affirms, there will, presumably, be an ultimate victory over crime.

Such optimism is the sociological equivalent of the national belief in infinite progress; it is part of the American Dream or the American Myth, and it allows the report to evade a number of crucial issues. For example, if one believes that crime can be entirely eradicated, one need not be overly concerned with the question of priorities among the various possible actions and expenditures in the fight against it. Thus the recommendations spew forth, undeterred by the severe problems of cost and cost allocations. It does not matter that few communities are in a position to act on these recommendations; there is a master plan and all the gaps will be filled sooner or later. Nor need one worry any longer about the inconvenient questions as to what resources should be allocated in what proportion to reduce what kind of conduct to what level. Since all crime can and must be eliminated, *any* remedy for *any* deficiency at *any* time will help.

One must in all fairness add that some of the Commission's recom-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mendations do appear to be more urgent than others. Thus, in the interest of apprehending more offenders it opts for greater efficiency in reporting crime and dispatching police to the scene. It also appears to assign priority to a vast increase in the number and qualifications of parole and probation officers, and it stresses the importance of improving correctional facilities to serve as an alternative to full-time incarceration.

But beyond such recommendations, the soundness of which are sometimes debatable, and a mass of data, the inadequacy of which are often obvious, the Commission's chief contribution to our understanding consists of a detailed analysis of the demise of several components of the very dream—the complete abolition of crime—that energizes it. During the 19th century, for example, most states drastically limited capital punishment, believing that an efficient and humane prison system would provide adequate deterrence to crime. The Task Force Report on Corrections vividly illustrates the collapse of that particular myth, which glosses over the conflicting goals of American penology. The prison system is supposed not only to deter crime (by allowing the prisoner to brood over his malefactions and their consequence), but also to serve the purposes of punishment and rehabilitation (by teaching the prisoner a trade). The prisons do indeed punish offenders, but the high recidivist rate proves that they do not deter crime, and the strenuous opposition (by economic competitors) to prison industries insures their failure as institutions of rehabilitation.

THE HOPES once placed in Youth Courts have also proved illusory; their procedures, always faulty, have recently been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. As to the reform schools attached to them, they have fulfilled their functions no better than have adult prisons. The whole dream of special treatment for youthful offenders has gone sour, for in the name of that dream minors could and would be "sentenced" to long terms for comparatively trivial acts which were barely punished when perpetrated by adults. The American myth insists on the difference between punishment and "rehabilitation for the prisoner's benefit"; for the sake of the latter, one can apparently take liberties with a citizen's rights. In the form of compulsory civil commitment to programs for narcotics addicts, that myth has survived the demise of abuses by Youth Courts, though these "non-punitive" dispositions may yet be found wanting by the Supreme Court.

The Commission even attacks the American reverence for psychiatry. It realizes that if the Eichmanns of this world are "normal," then so are most criminals and delinquents. Admirably enough, it reverts back to the 19th-century concept of "corrupt character" instead of the Freudian notion of "disturbed psyche." One of the Task Force Reports notes wryly that "In general . . . psychiatric theories of delinquency . . . are based almost entirely on the subjective clinical experience of the theoreticians rather than on objective evidence."

Finally, the Commission deflates the dream that all defendants are brought before the bar of Justice, where their cases are disposed of in accordance with Due Process, thus minimizing the possibility of the conviction of the innocent. From the moment a defendant is apprehended by the police to the time he stands trial by jury, he undergoes a whole series of trials, and each stage of the process can be viewed as an appeal from a prior decision. Indeed, many a suspect is never tried by a jury. He may be acquitted on the street if the policeman thinks his story (or, in the case of a minor, his demeanor) is good; the charge may be dismissed when he is first brought to court because the complaining witness fails to appear; prior to trial, he and the public prosecutor may negotiate a plea of guilty to a lesser charge. This may be expedient process; it is not Due Process. Prosecutors—and judges at arraignments—are primarily calendar-clearers, and to this extent they are less concerned with seeing that justice is done than with "keeping things moving." The Commission recognizes some of the problems inherent in the whole procedure and asks that it be rationalized and standardized, so that the wide area of discretion enjoyed by both policemen and public prosecutors be minimized.

THE COMMISSION, then, does manage to supply some hard evidence for the shallowness of its own animating objective. At the same time, it manages to cling to the most salient aspects of the myth that the problem of crime can be solved. Thus, treating crime as a given, it virtually ignores the question of whether certain conduct in our time should be made, or should remain, criminal. That this issue ought not to be ignored is shown by the fact that one half of the five million arrests made in 1965 were for crimes without victims or for breaches of the public peace. To be sure, the Commission does recommend that public drunkenness—a "crime" that accounts for one third of all the arrests made in America—be taken out of the criminal area, but this proposal, though eminently sound, is neither novel nor daring. The police are not enthusiastic about public-drunkenness laws, and several courts have held them to be unconstitutional when applied to chronic alcoholics. The Commission, moreover, pays only minimal attention to problems arising from treating as "criminal" such conduct as interpersonal adult sexual relationships, the use of non-addictive narcotics, gambling, and abortion. In other words, it does very little to challenge the tendency of Americans to label as "criminal" what they find to be socially undesirable. That such a tendency exists should have been suggested to the Commission by its survey of 1,700 people, which showed that 91 per cent of them had at some time committed acts for which they could have been jailed. Why do we react to social problems by so readily relying on the weapon of criminal sanction? Why do we refuse to trust other social processes to provide acceptable solutions? What are acceptable solutions? Do we wish to abolish crime and retain social diversity, or do we wish to abolish both?

The Commission may be forgiven

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its failure to answer these "big" questions, which can only be dealt with by generalizations bordering on cliché, but there is no excuse for its unwillingness to recognize the existence of alternatives to assuring desirable conduct through the threat of punishment. For example, it might have considered the way we are trying to encourage doctors to engage in the socially beneficial behavior of attending to injured persons in emergency situations. Many doctors hesitate to do so, fearing that they will later be subjected to unfounded lawsuits. The state has various weapons at its disposal to encourage the giving of such emergency aid or to discourage its withholding. Thus the licensing power of the state could be invoked against recalcitrant doctors; legislatures could impose criminal sanctions on physicians who refuse to stop for emergencies; or doctors could be encouraged by laws which render them immune from claims of negligence based upon emergency treatment administered by them. Several states have chosen the last alternative; none has chosen the first two. Why? Obviously a judgment has been consciously or unconsciously made that the undesirable conduct of doctors is not to be fought with criminal sanctions. That judgment can be traced back to a number of factors, but it is probably based on nothing more than a feeling that doctors are "decent" and valuable people whereas others who commit undesirable acts are not.

Such complexities are beyond the horizon of the Commission; because of its treatment of both crime and criminal law as *sui generis*, it inevitably overestimates the potency of law and fails to understand the true relationship between law and society. It does not seem to realize with sufficient clarity that people will not respect the law unless they respect social institutions generally, and that they will not respect social institutions unless they have a vested interest in their perpetuation. Law is but one social institution among many.

The nature of American society is such, however, that one can understand the American belief that *only* law can control conduct. For

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one thing, there are few institutions to which our heterogeneous populace owes a common allegiance; we have no common church and no commonly accepted morality or ethic. Then, too, our optimism commits us to the belief that the pursuit of private interest will ultimately enhance the public interest, and hence to the general indulgence of human appetites. But a society devoted to fostering this indulgence has no deterrence against its excesses—except the law. That is why the law exercises a totalitarian influence, in the sense that the state meddles in events such as private sexual relationships. Indeed, if recent Supreme Court decisions had not intervened, the state would still be concerned with private matrimonial decisions (miscegenation laws) and with the dissemination of birth-control information to married couples—presumably it still retains the power to punish such dissemination to unmarried couples.

FAILING TO understand the complex relationship between law and society, the Commission is bound to misunderstand the role of organized crime in American society. It refuses to realize that to most Americans and most law enforcement officials organized crime is not an enemy to be destroyed ruthlessly but an adversary with whom co-existence is necessary. The Commission does state that organized crime is a big business and admits that "it provides services the people want," but no adequate analysis follows from this recognition. Organized crime does indeed offer services (the numbers racket, gambling) to a great mass of people. It derives its profits not from large killings but from "innumerable petty transactions" (to use the Commission's language), just as profit in legitimate enterprises involves only a few dollars or cents per item but millions in the aggregate. The pennies do add up: the gross profit on illegal gambling alone amounts to six or seven billion dollars per year. In short, organized crime is a full-fledged industry whose operations respond to the vicissitudes of the American economy much as do those of any other industry.

Once this is understood and the Mafia is regarded as a monopolistic enterprise, one can discover ways to combat its influence. Since the existence of a monopoly makes it difficult for a competitor to enter the field and to lower the cost to the consumer, the trick may be to abolish the monopoly rather than the organization. (The New York and New Hampshire lotteries can be seen as government-sponsored competition for the gambling dollar.) What would happen if the Mafia services were legalized—as in fact they once were by the end of Prohibition? Most likely, the Mafia's power would be adulterated, since anyone with a pair of dice could set himself up as a competitor. Legitimate businesses would probably tend to take over the field; there might well be a decline from the Mafia's present strength of five thousand as well as a loosening of its organizational structure.

The Commission's understanding of the "casual criminal" leaves no less to be desired than its discussion of organized crime. The Commission does note the bizarre incongruity of the fact that there is a negative correlation between correction processes and the seriousness of the crime: "Those who are least likely to commit new crimes after release are persons convicted of serious crimes of violence—murder, rape, and aggravated assault." Furthermore, it identifies four different categories of criminal and recommends different treatment facilities and techniques for each. That is an eminently worthwhile proposal, but hardly a new one; it has for twenty-five years been one of the staples of concern of such groups as the National Council on Crime and Delinquency. Perhaps, though, the Commission cannot be blamed for merely collating old information, for there is much about crime that we simply do not know and that the Commission could not be expected to discover.

We do not know, for example, whether some degree of crime is inevitable in modern industrial society. If it is, new questions arise. Is crime in part an "early warning system" of social malaise? Should its occurrence serve the same function as pain in the human body? Can crime be understood as one method of introducing changes that are unpalatable to the current social structure? After all, heresy was once a grave criminal offense, but changing social conditions required its removal from the category of the criminal; may not the same be true of much that is considered criminal today?

The Commission ought not to be condemned for failing to come up with answers to such questions, especially since there has been so little creative thought in this area. Yet in regard to at least one issue—the incidence and role of coercion in law enforcement—the Commission is far too anxious to plead "inadequate knowledge" and to limit itself to occasional statements like, "Today the third degree is almost non-existent." The available evidence strongly suggests that police brutality continues to be widespread, that intimidation is an inevitable form of enforcement, and that the "police mentality" is a severe handicap in dealing rationally with tense situations. Euphemisms such as "intensive field interrogation" cannot hide the fact that the police engage in suppressing potentially deviant (and not always criminal) conduct, and that this function is perhaps more important than that of apprehending offenders. As the report notes laconically: "Policemen, as part of their crime prevention and solution duties, stop citizens in the street, inquire into their business, and, if necessary, detain them for brief questioning."

IN THE MIRANDA case, the Supreme Court took action against the excesses of the police in obtaining confessions. Enunciating standards for the interrogation procedure, it decreed in effect that constitutional rights exist even in the station house. Unfortunately, however, it left the securing of those rights largely in the hands of the police themselves. The *Miranda* decision, therefore, will not have its intended effect unless defense lawyers are actually present in the station house to advise the arrested of their rights. It has been shown that even in court many defendants simply cannot understand what a

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clerk ritualistically pronounces to be their rights. Thus, the accused may be told about "the right to counsel," but he may not even know that "counsel" means "lawyer." Now if such misapprehension exists even in public courtrooms, can there be any doubt that it will not do to have the accused apprised of their rights in the back room of a police station? The presence of lawyers in station houses is an elementary proposal that will not solve the problem of the person who allegedly confesses in the police car or on the street. But it is a proposal that represents a step in the right direction toward the full implementation of the *Miranda* decision. On this whole subject, the Commission is silent.

In general, how can misconduct by the police be controlled? The Commission argues for better working conditions, higher qualifications, and in-depth training in minority-group problems. However, it discourages the establishment of civilian review boards: "The Police . . . may be the focus of more attention than they deserve. . . . so far as possible, it is desirable that review procedures be established within the governmental agency involved." Indeed, "it is the police themselves, in the vast majority of cases, who are ridding their profession of the unofficial and the corrupt."* Yet police sociology indicates that "professionalization" of the police is not the panacea. The police mentality exists even before recruitment; it is strengthened by organizational practices; and it is rendered impregnable by public attitudes. (The Los Angeles police force was thoroughly "professionalized" by Police Chief Parker.) Nor ought one to expect much from stronger and more convincing policy statements about minority rights by police administrators. The administrators share the basic values of the lower echelons, who rightly understand such statements as the result of political pressures on the police.

THE PROCEDURES used by the Commission resemble those employed by the Warren Commission and are equally questionable. It decided—over the objection of some of its members—to make no independent investigation of problems such as marijuana, capital punishment as a deterrent for homicide, or the police contribution to ghetto riots. The best that can be said about the Commission's report, in consequence, is that it is an admirable and comprehensive compendium of information about "Crime." The recommendations based on that information are usually as unexceptionable as they are unimaginative. The Commission's timetable for eradicating crime is nebulous; it seems to suggest that everything be done at once—a singularly inadequate proposal for fighting a war on several fronts with only limited resources at one's disposal.

It remains to be said that within its severely limited framework the report is a compassionate document. One might also call it a "liberal" document in the sense that it reflects the thinking of the left flank of the Johnson consensus. But the emphasis was on consensus; the composition of the Commission represented a careful balance among recognized constituencies—fortunately including the civil-rights groups. The result was bound to be something less than a dramatic breakthrough.

Yet the report is noteworthy if only because, as has been suggested before, it is so typically American a document. It identifies a broad evil—crime—and it proposes to abolish that evil. It assumes that the evil can be attacked successfully without a significant reshaping of our institutions, if only we expend money and will power in healthy doses. The evil is viewed as an alien cancer on a body politic that is fundamentally sound. One can, therefore, hardly deny a certain symptomatic importance to the report. Its value is something else again.

* The Commission is careful to hedge its bet on the extent of police corruption. On the one hand, it argues that corruption has decreased; on the other hand, it acknowledges that "As the scope and variety of organized crime's activities have expanded, its need to involve public officials on every level of local government has grown."

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Nkrumah—A Post-Mortem

Anthony Astrachan

THE RECENT history of Africa cries out for the insights of a Trotsky, a man whom the late Isaac Deutscher has characterized as being possessed both of "the revolutionary's urge to make history and the writer's impulse to describe it and grasp its meaning." But as yet no such individual has appeared in Africa, or, for that matter, in any other part of the "third world."

Africa has, to be sure, produced two Trotskys *manqués*. One was the late Frantz Fanon, a native of Martinique who became an Algerian rebel and wrote *The Wretched of the Earth*, a searching psychological inquiry into colonialism. But even though he gave his heart to the Algerian revolution, Fanon was not really a major participant in it. Nor does he qualify as a historian; he was a theorist who generalized—and overgeneralized—about the whole colonial world on the basis of events in Algeria.

Africa's other possible Trotsky is Kwame Nkrumah, the shaper of modern Ghana who was deposed as President in 1966 and now lives in exile in Guinea. Nkrumah has been a major participant in what he would call the African revolution, but even less than Fanon does he live up to Deutscher's description of Trotsky: "In [him] all passions were aroused, but his thought remained calm and his vision clear. . . . Extreme partisanship [and] rigorous objectivity . . . were the heat and the light of his work, and as heat and light belonged to each other." No one could accuse Nkrumah of lacking the heat of passion and partisanship, but as a ruler his vision was so unclear he could not even see that the forces lining up against him were strong enough to overthrow him. And the books that bear his name—several of them were written in whole or in part by other hands—are hardly characterized by rigorous objectivity; they must be treated either as source material of uncertain reliability or as attempts to formulate an ideology and to disseminate propaganda.

Perhaps it is simply too early to expect historical works about Africa that would rival Trotsky's analysis of the Russian Revolution, or even the books of men like E. H. Carr or George Kennan about Soviet history. It may be that white historians do not as yet understand the new Africa well enough, while Africans have not yet had enough experience of the kind of education and cultural environment that produces major historians. There is no question, however, that Africa presents both a great opportunity and a great challenge for the historian of the future, and this is especially true of Ghana.

In one sense, of course, we already know "what happened" in Ghana; it is easy enough to summarize the short but turbulent history of the country. After World War II, two events combined to awaken the British to the inadequacy of their desultory plans for the eventual independence of their Gold Coast colony. In 1948, a series of riots expressed the political discontents of the educated class and the war veterans, as well as the economic discontents of the rest of the population. The other event was the return of Kwame Nkrumah in 1947, after twelve years of study and politicking in the United States and England. Nkrumah was brought back by a group of moderate businessmen and professionals, but in 1949 he abandoned his backers and their program of "self-government as soon as possible" to found the Convention People's Party, whose slogan was "Self-Government Now."

In 1950, the British sent Nkrumah to jail, but after the CPP won the 1951 elections they released him so that he could become head of government. The CCP, now cooperating with the British to plan for Ghana's eventual independence, went on to carry the legislative elections of 1954 and 1956; during this period Nkrumah's power increased steadily. In March 1957 the Gold Coast colony became the sovereign state of Ghana on terms that provided for a model parliamentary democracy and left the British with effective control of the economy.

Nkrumah changed all that. Eroding all political opposition, he turned Ghana into a one-party state, and turned the CCP into his personal political machine. As time passed, he ruled less and less by persuasion, more and more by force. In 1961, he began his ambitious program for enlarging state control of the economy and breaking Britain's hold on it. In addition, he set to work transforming Ghana into a vehicle for his pan-Africanism, becoming, in the process, involved in far-reaching international ventures, many of them with the Communist world. Finally, in 1966, when he seemed to be the prime African example of the unshakable totalitarian ruler, he flew off to try to bring peace to Vietnam—only to be overthrown with ridiculous ease during his absence by a group of army and police officers.

These, then, are the bare facts; but they demand explanation. To what extent does one do justice to Ghana's history by focusing on the rise and fall of Nkrumah? Such is the impact of his strident and charismatic personality that it seems to blot out everything else. But other forces have also been at play in Ghana. Were they the cause or the effect of Nkrumah's actions? The dramatic history of Ghana has already produced a spate of books, but none that completely explains what *really* happened there. Each author seems to approach the subject with a particular theoretical framework that yields certain insights, but inevitably produces certain distortions as well.

HENRY BRETTON, a political scientist at the University of Michigan, and author of the mistitled *The Rise and Fall of Kwame Nkrumah** seems to be aware of this problem. He tries to avoid the fate of those social scientists who advance "impressive theoretical propositions that, alas, usually rest on exceedingly slight empirical evidence," and he stresses the need for taking into consideration as many variables as possible. The trouble is that he himself pursues

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* Praeger, 232 pp., $5.95.

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only one variable, Nkrumah's personal political machine. Bretton seems to think that this machine swallowed, defied, or ignored all the other forces and institutions in Ghana. But there is ample empirical evidence to suggest that such forces and institutions played a significant role before Nkrumah's rise to power (so that as early as 1951 he was criticized for developing a personality cult); that they continued to exist throughout his rule; and that they survived his fall.

To be sure, Bretton has a point when he states that "Personal rule seemed so successful largely because it had been installed in a political vacuum." But this was a partial and artificial vacuum which Nkrumah created by first alienating his opposition from the electorate, then by eliminating the opposition, and finally by suppressing independent organizations among the workers, the farmers, and the rural masses. In spite of all this, he could not prevent other potential vacuum-fillers from existing. Thus Bretton is wrong when he states that personal rule was the "sole, unchallenged repository of power, influence, and coercion in Ghana" until the coup. As that coup proved, the army had all along retained considerable power. Moreover, the army could turn for support to workers and farmers, two groups dismissed in Bretton's analysis.

Indeed, Colonel A. A. Afrifa, one of the principal plotters of Nkrumah's overthrow, states that he drew inspiration from Ghana's transport strike of 1961—which Nkrumah suppressed—and the workers' courage in resisting the government at that time. Moreover, he speaks of the opposition of farmers to a government under whose rule their "money was being squandered by so-called secretaries, chief farmers, and a host of brigands who had never held a hoe in their lives." Afrifa's book, *"The Ghana Coup,"** thus provides a perspective on Nkrumah that is a useful corrective to Bretton's. Afrifa does not, of course, attempt to minimize the tyrannical powers of the *Osagyefo*—an Akan word usually translated as "Redeemer"—but he manages to sum up in a single sentence all that Bretton is at pains to analyze at book length: Nkrumah "was the only man; the whole of Ghana belonged to him and to him alone; no one had the right to advise him against anything he, as an individual, felt strongly about, and considered 'right' for the state."

Colonel Afrifa's cursory reflections on various topics can be quite illuminating. For example, when he shows himself opposed to colonial rule but in favor of British political concepts, he manifests a characteristic that is widespread among Ghana's intellectual elite. It is an attitude as significant, and in the long run as likely to reach the masses through capillary action, as Nkrumah's susceptibility to ideas snatched from American politics on the one hand, and various breeds of Communism on the other. Moreover, it is an attitude that necessarily entailed opposition to Nkrumah's policies. Thus it was only natural for Afrifa, who was educated at British military schools, to object to Nkrumah's attempts at political indoctrination of the army, this being one reason why Afrifa and his fellow officers moved against their leader.

Almost in passing, Afrifa manages to dispel a number of misconceptions about Ghana, such as the frequent assertion that Nkrumah's one-man rule was nothing but a modern version of the country's ancient institution of tribal chieftaincy. In point of fact, that institution includes a tradition of free discussion among the elders of the tribe until a decision is reached, and also provides for the unseating of any chief who is derelict in his duties. Indeed, Nkrumah's rise was supported by the so-called "youngmen" who opposed the institution of chieftaincy and its monopoly of local political power.

But Afrifa does not go into such matters in depth or in any systematic way. His book rings with sincerity, but it is so badly organized and superficial concerning those events in which the author was not a direct participant that it tells the reader less about either Ghana or Nkrumah than it does about Colonel Afrifa. And even in this respect, the book is not entirely satisfactory, for it does not do full

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justice to the author's commanding and vibrant personality.

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT is entirely absent from *Ghana: End of an Illusion** by Bob Fitch and Mary Oppenheimer, two graduate students at Berkeley who seem to have no firsthand knowledge of Ghana at all, and whose Marxist—almost Maoist—approach frequently distorts their vision. Nevertheless, their dogged search for the forces that really determined the country's political and economic development makes their book the most interesting contribution to the recent literature on Ghana.

The authors are not impressed by Nkrumah's alleged Marxist outlook. Their skepticism appears quite reasonable when one considers Nkrumah's most famous dictum, which is completely at variance with the Marxist emphasis on economic factors: "Seek ye first the political kingdom and all else shall be added unto it." Quite properly, therefore, Fitch and Oppenheimer begin their analysis by concentrating on Nkrumah's political career. In a quick and skillful sketch, they show how the British, at first alarmed by the "radical" Nkrumah, ended by making him the channel for the solicitous care by which they nursed the independence movement. Nkrumah cooperated with the colonial power so well that even the Anglophile moderates he had shoved aside tried—unsuccessfully—to make political capital of his close relationship with the Governor, Sir Charles Arden-Clarke.

From the very beginning, however, the authors' theoretical predilections lead them to misconceptions about Ghana. For example, they speak of the "increasing militance and politicization of the African masses" as a cause of the 1948 riots, as though the scene had been Union Square rather than Christiansborg Crossroads. To be sure, later on they are forced to belie their own formulation; they note the lack of "working class solidarity" in the 1950 general strike and the fact that only 40.5 per cent of the eligible voters registered for the 1951 elections. Fitch and Oppenheimer do not seem to realize that such "politicization" as has occurred among Ghanaians has had as its main effect the translation of traditional participation in tribal affairs into a politics dominated by "bread and butter" issues —into a kind of "economism" at which Marxists, or Maoists, are wont to sneer. The authors are not, of course, unsympathetic to the workers' cause. Thus they note the justice of the workers' objections to compulsory "austerity," objections that led to the 1961 transport strike. (As applied to party leaders, "austerity" took the form of limiting them to "only" two houses and two cars; this at a time when workers' wages had averaged less than $1 a day over a six-year period marked by rising food prices and increasing unemployment.) Nevertheless, the workers were ordered to stifle their economic demands, support the party, and increase productivity without reward; they were "ordered to become Stakhanovites to defend a revolution that had never really begun."

There is no question, as we have seen, that such policies, and the resistance they engendered, contributed to the circumstances that made Nkrumah's ouster possible. Nor is there any doubt that labor opposition to the new military regime's classical economic remedies for national bankruptcy may affect Ghana's future. But Fitch and Oppenheimer, who continue to hope for a genuine working-class revolution in Ghana, are likely to be disappointed in the future history of the country. It is more reasonable to assume that the curse (or blessing) of a non-Marxist economism will continue to hold sway in Ghana, transforming revolutionary ideals into middle-class values.

The dogmatism that leads Fitch and Oppenheimer to overestimate the workers as a revolutionary force also mars their otherwise interesting analysis of what precipitated the coup in Ghana. They discuss the competition for the country's small economic surplus between the "organized working class" and the political elite, Nkrumah's Convention People's Party. In order to ease or disguise popular discontent, the elite was forced, according to the authors, to resort politically to the construction of a personality cult, and economically to ever-increasing amounts of foreign aid. Fitch and Oppenheimer see three stages in the history of the elite:

> During the first stage, the CCP derived its legitimacy from its ability to strike bargains with the colonial leaders. During the second stage, it derived legitimacy from its past successes in bargaining with the colonialists. During the final stage, the masses and the other competing elites—the army and the civil servants—began to realize that the bargains struck by the political elite were worthless to them. From this point on, it was only a matter of time before a new elite emerged which would resolve the contradiction either in favor of the masses or in favor of neo-colonialism.

The trouble with this analysis is that it is impossible to pin the label of "neo-colonialism" on Ghana's new leaders. They may be overly "British" in their general outlook, and they may be overly conservative in their economics, but their devotion to the people of Ghana is unquestionable.

AS MARXISTS, of course, Fitch and Oppenheimer yield to none in their concern for the people and their basic needs. This concern manifests itself primarily in a detailed analysis of Ghana's economy, which receives regrettably little attention in any of the other books under discussion. To talk about Ghana's economy is to talk about cocoa, which provides almost 80 per cent of the country's export earnings. The authors' analysis of the "cocoa economy" shows that they have made good use of good documentary material, but have never been on a Ghanaian cocoa farm. Thus they are wont to group farmers into various classes—large creditors, small debtors, etc.—without realizing the limited relevance of their analytical device. The fact is that the individuals involved seldom think of themselves as members of a class, nor do they act that way. They are less affected by the factors that Marxian economics emphasizes than by traditional patterns of social organization ("tri-

*Monthly Review Press, 130 pp., $3.50.

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balism") and the psychological fantasies stimulated by colonial modernization. Prior to independence, colonialists are likely to inculcate the people with a desire for more education and material benefits ranging from bicycles and transistor radios all the way to skyscrapers; they are far less likely to teach them that these things have their price. The people therefore tend to think that such goods can be obtained by some white man's equivalent of magic, and Marxists are just as hard put as neo-colonialists to prove that matters are not so simple.

It is not too surprising, therefore, that Fitch and Oppenheimer end up by begging some of the important questions they raise. Their analysis of Nkrumah's shift, around 1961, from a basically classical economic policy to a predominantly statist economics is a case in point. They condemn that shift as insufficiently radical; they are justifiably caustic about the not very socialist nature of Ghanaian socialism; and they are almost incredulous about Nkrumah's reliance on foreign capital in the form of short-term supplier credits, which, as they note, do not really constitute either capital or investment. Nevertheless, they do not really explain why Nkrumah's policy changes failed to stop Ghana's slide into economic disaster; having scored some valid points, they revert to Marxist shibboleths.

For example, they dismiss the ideas of J. H. Mensah, Ghana's leading economist. Mensah is of the opinion that the Marxist concern with rearranging ownership of the means of production is not a central issue in a developing country where, "by and large, the means of production do not exist." As Fitch and Oppenheimer note, this truism has found a large measure of acceptance in the "third world" and even some Soviet economists agree to it. However, this axiom has led Mensah and many others to the conclusion that in a developing country every means, including private and foreign capital, is welcome to build up the means of production; and this is a conclusion completely unacceptable to Fitch and Oppenheimer. In an attractive display of honesty, they note that Ghana's state enterprises have been less productive than its private undertakings, and they document the futile and expensive nature of projects financed by supplier credits. But they do not admit that such failures demonstrate the soundness of Mensah's theories; rather, they consider them a demonstration of the axiom that in an underdeveloped country the state sector can never compete successfully against private enterprise. They buttress this contention with appropriate quotes from Fanon, the Chinese Communist Hsueh Mu-chiao, and the Soviet economist Preobrazhensky. Insisting on total state control of the economy, they declare that anything less is not socialism.

They may be right, but they neither prove their case nor demonstrate its relevance. At their best, Fitch and Oppenheimer can be quite illuminating, as when they analyze the limited productivity of Nkrumah's famous Volta Dam power project. But they have missed the opportunity to account properly for the failures of Western private capital in a country like Ghana. Because they are too much concerned with the "original sin" of capitalism, they fail to explain the limitations of capitalism even when it is applied with intelligence and genuine good intentions.

The problem of foreign investment in Ghana is inseparable from the more general problem of Ghana's foreign relations, for Nkrumah was constantly straining his country's meager economic resources to further his obsessive dream of African unity, of a pan-African state headed by himself. It was inevitable that this vision should lead Nkrumah into various attempts to subvert "sister" states.

Probably the most significant of Nkrumah's foreign interventions was in the Congo, where his attempts to shore up the tottering regime of the late Patrice Lumumba were hampered by the fact that Ghanaian troops were under United Nations command. Though much has been written about this episode in Ghana's history, we still do not know the full story. Colonel Afrifa devotes a chapter to the Congo, but one learns little from it except that his experience there helped prepare him to participate in the coup that deposed Nkrumah some years later. Among other things, the Congo intervention taught the army to fear that Nkrumah was serious about military action against Ian Smith's government in Rhodesia, an action for which Ghana's forces were totally unprepared.

Maj. Gen. H. T. Alexander, the Englishman who was Ghana's chief of staff at the time, and Nkrumah himself have also written books about Ghana's role in the Congo.* Each puts his own case as best he can, and tends to blame the other for what went wrong; both accounts are of limited use to the historian, though they inadvertently reveal some things worthy of note. For example, they show that Ghana's leaders had as little first-hand knowledge of the Congo as Fitch and Oppenheimer do of Ghana. Moreover, they show that by dismissing Alexander in 1961 and embarking on the "Ghanaization" of the army, Nkrumah was preparing his own doom: among the officers promoted were the very ones who overthrew him in 1966.

ONE SUSPECTS that the turmoil in the Congo will prove to be as significant for the rest of Africa as the Spanish Civil War was for the rest of Europe. But the events in the Congo, like the events in Ghana, still await their great historian. Such a historian will certainly draw on all the books I have mentioned, but he will also manage to convey what the people of Ghana, and the rest of West Africa, are really like. He will do justice to their capacity to survive Nkrumah's depredations, their great sense of humor, and the wisdom incorporated in Akan proverbs like the one quoted by Dennis Austin, the author on whom all historians of Ghana must rely: *Ti Koro nko agyina*—"One man alone is insufficient for the full deliberation of an undertaking." That proverb applies to Nkrumah; it applies to the authors of the books under discussion; and it applies to me as well.

* Alexander: *African Tightrope*, Praeger, 152 pp., $4.95; Nkrumah: *Challenge of the Congo*, International, 304 pp., $7.50.

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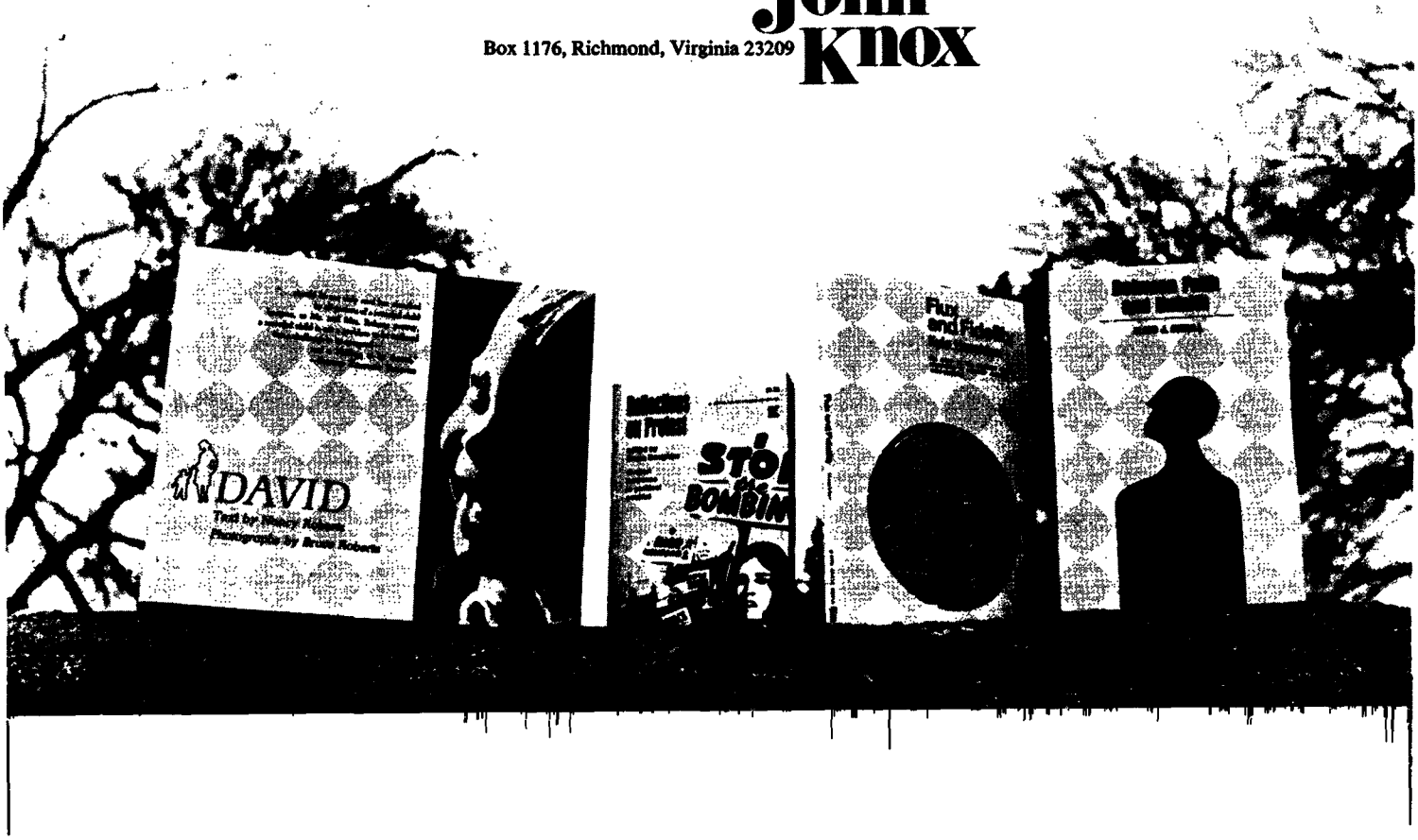

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The Bloomsbury Idea

DOWNHILL ALL THE WAY. By LEONARD WOOLF. *Harcourt, Brace & World. 259 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by DAN JACOBSON

BLOOMSBURY. The word itself is enough to lower one's spirits slightly. To hear once again about how a number of gifted and socially privileged people came together in Cambridge at the turn of the century, and then again in London just before and after the First World War; to be told about the ethos of the group, with its rejection of all the Victorian pieties and the elevation in their place of a morality of skepticism, personal affection, and aesthetic enjoyment; to read about the creative and critical works which the members of the group produced, and the influence which they were able to exercise over the development of English high culture in the years between the two wars . . . no, one feels tempted to decline the invitation.

For one thing, the subjects have been gone over so often, both in memoirs and criticism by various members of Bloomsbury—Virginia Woolf, Maynard Keynes, Clive Bell, and E. M. Forster among them—and in the studies of a host of literary critics and historians who have busied themselves with the period. Then, the group and its period have the disadvantage of being too distant from us to be directly relevant to our own concerns, yet still close enough to appear merely out-of-date rather than truly historical. But what tells most against the idea of Bloomsbury, for me, is simply my own lack of enthusiasm for its two central literary figures, the writers whom everyone regards as having been most characteristically, quintessentially Bloomsbury—Lytton Strachey and Virginia Woolf.

So fashion drives out fashion. It may well be that my rather low opinion of their work, which I know to be shared by many contemporaries, is merely another illustration of that dismal rule. Of course, I don't think that it is; but perhaps that is how critical fashion always works, persuading one that a flaccid participation in a general mood is in fact a firm, reasoned, independent expression of judgment. At the age of twenty or thereabouts I read Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* with enjoyment and felt I was learning a great deal from it. Today the affectation and self-regard of its style just set my teeth on edge; much of the book appears silly and vulgar precisely because the author is so anxious to impress us with his own cleverness and refinement. Again, the novel of Virginia Woolf's which I remember being most impressed and moved by is *To the Lighthouse*. Dipping into it now, at random, I come across innumerable sentences like this: "The spring without a leaf to toss, bright and bare like a virgin fierce in chastity, scornful in purity, was laid out on fields wide-eyed and watchful and entirely careless of what was done or thought by the beholders." So it was on the strength of that kind of sub-Swinburnian prose, filled with such wearily secondhand images and rhythms, that the author was once acclaimed as an exquisite stylist and the creator of truly new forms!

Well, there are better things one can say about some of Virginia Woolf's work in *To the Lighthouse* and elsewhere; and her driven, sacrificial relationship to literature has in any case its own deep pathos. If all that was necessary to produce significant new artistic forms was the ardent, abstract, bookish desire to do so, she would surely have succeeded. But her position and Strachey's having been as important as they were to Bloomsbury and within Bloomsbury, an adverse judgment on what they actually accomplished must affect one's attitude to the group as a whole, and to the claims that in effect it made for itself. The self-assurance, the certainty that Bloomsbury was manning the very frontier-posts of cultural and artistic advance, the insistence that nothing and no one, and especially not the members of the group, were exempt from its mocking, radical, critical spirit, the belief that its standards and tastes were unquestionably the best that were going, and that its easy access to the centers of cultural power was therefore no more than it deserved—all these appear today to have been more a function of the social position of the group than of the real intellectual distinction of its members.

NOW IN THE volumes of autobiography which he has been bringing out over the last few years, Leonard Woolf totally accepts Bloomsbury's assumptions about itself, not least in taking for granted the profundity and importance of Virginia Woolf's art and the fineness of Lytton Strachey's achievement. Furthermore, he does indeed give us a fairly detailed history of Bloomsbury once more, describing the members of the group individually and collectively and attempting to sum up what they represented in English intellectual life. It may seem, therefore, that everything I have written above is an elaborate way of trying to belittle or dismiss his work. In fact, I don't know how better I can indicate the quality of his autobiography than by saying that though my feelings about Bloomsbury are and remain as I've described them, I have read almost all of the four volumes* Mr. Woolf has so far published with interest, sympathy, admiration, and a feeling of something like personal affection for the author. He begins the first volume, *Sowing*, with an account of his middle-class childhood in late-

DAN JACOBSON, *the well-known novelist, contributed a story, "Boaz and the Israelites," to our February issue.*

* The first three volumes, all published by Harcourt, Brace & World, are *Sowing*, 224 pp., $4.50; *Growing*, 256 pp., $5.95; and *Beginning Again*, 288 pp., $4.95—ED.

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Victorian London; he proceeds steadily and straightforwardly with the tale of his extraordinarily variegated activities and friendships until the fourth and present volume ends with the outbreak of the Second World War. The author was then in his sixtieth year; he is now approaching his nineties, but his vigor as a chronicler and portraitist appears unimpaired. Throughout he writes with an attractive and baffling mixture of simplicity and complexity; frankness, even innocence, and evasiveness; involvement and detachment.

I suppose the author's detachment would alone prevent the autobiography from entering the very highest class of its kind: it lacks the quality of obsession—not so much with the self as with its experience, if the distinction is permissible—which marks all the great English autobiographies from Gibbon's, say, to that of Robert Graves. Yet this detachment, which throws a veil of reflection and doubt between the author and the events presented, is also one of the strengths of the work. Intellectually, the author may belong totally to Bloomsbury, or at any rate to a rather narrow, dry, slightly self-congratulatory tradition of rationalism and liberalism which one inevitably associates with Cambridge and Bloomsbury. Emotionally, however, he seems to stand apart, even more so than he himself realizes; he appears to belong to no one. Not even to Bloomsbury; not even to the wife he cared for so devotedly, and about whom he writes, as a friend said to me, looking for words to describe his dispassionate tone, "as if she were his sister."

In fact, had she been his sister he wouldn't have written about her at all. Mr. Woolf was one of a large family, and the portraits he gives us of his parents and grandparents in the first volume, *Sowing*, are some of the finest in the work. Thereafter, except for a parenthetical reference here and there, all the members of his family simply drop out of his story. Clearly, he didn't belong to them. He certainly doesn't belong to the Jews. Having described the nature of his parents' beliefs and what remained of religious practice in their house, the fact that he is a Jew simply doesn't come up again, it just doesn't enter into his life: at any rate not until he mentions that he was warned to avoid traveling in Hitler's Germany before the outbreak of the war. Did his being a Jew never affect, one wonders, his career or social life in the seven years he spent as a colonial official in Ceylon, his only companions during that time being other colonial civil servants—not in general the most enlightened, tolerant, or tactful of British social groups? Did it not arise in the political work he carried out later in England, especially during the rise of Nazism? We can't say; he doesn't think it important enough to tell us. In his reticences as in his candor, here and elsewhere, this particular Jew, product of St. Paul's School and Trinity College, Cambridge, provokes one to declare that the English are simply impenetrable, the most opaque people in the world, sphinxes all.

ONE CAN continue setting paradox upon paradox in an attempt to convey the impression of the author's character as it emerges from this work. He is ambitious, he admits readily; and he dislikes ambitious people. He is scrupulously conscientious, to the point of fanaticism, about any job he undertakes; but he is dubious about the value of much of the work he has done, and some of it he believes may have been positively harmful. He is a firm believer in the preservation of law and order, and admits he was a severe judge when he had to try offenders during his term as a colonial officer; but he regards judges as morally no better than the criminals they condemn. He believes in leadership; and he profoundly distrusts all leaders of men. He insists that he is a physical and mental coward; yet it is obvious that when he was serving in Ceylon he often put himself into positions of extreme danger for the sake of the people he governed. However, one cannot accuse him, as one can accuse so many latter-day liberals, of busily working both sides of the street, of doing one

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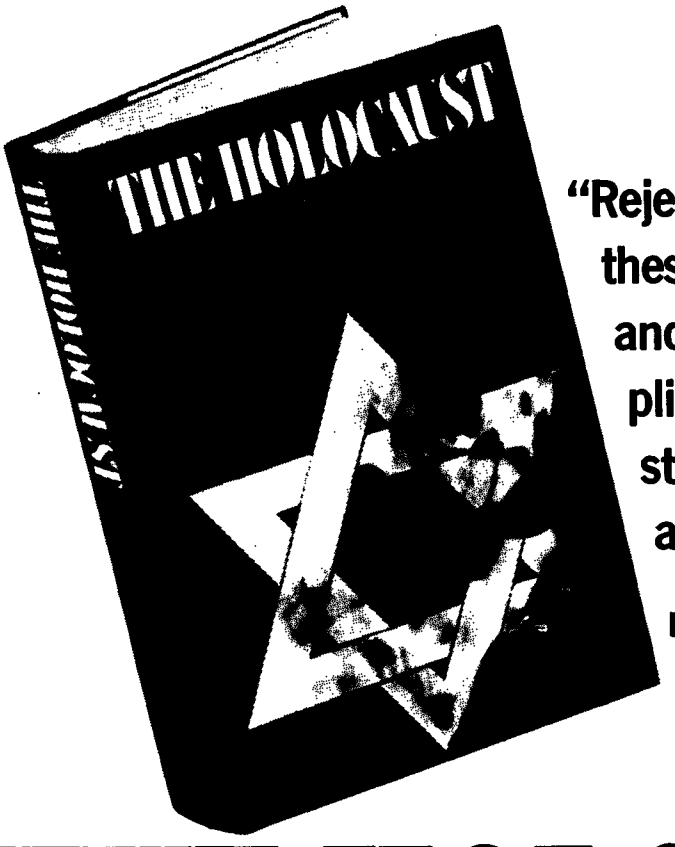

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thing and congratulating themselves for feeling another. He is merely being faithful to his own experiences and character, both of which are rather more unconventional, as I have already suggested, than the ideas he employs to explain them or to set them in order.

Anyway, the contradictions in his character are reflected in the sometimes startling juxtapositions of the social groups among which he has lived. The son of an immigrant (though quite well-to-do) Jewish mother finds his friends and eventually his wife among the interrelated members of an English intellectual aristocracy. The member of the famous and exclusive Cambridge "secret society," The Apostles, rules over thousands of acres of Ceylonese swamp and jungle, combating outbreaks of rinderpest disease among cattle and outbreaks of religious violence among men. The zealous and dedicated former colonial servant serves for years on committees established to bring about the abolition of the British Empire; he also acts as secretary to the second of the celebrated post-Impressionist Exhibitions held in London just before the outbreak of the First World War. He lectures on the cooperative movement, stands for Parliament, writes books, edits journals on politics and international affairs, and establishes and manages the Hogarth Press, which soon becomes a commercially successful publishing house, bringing out the work of Freud and T. S. Eliot, among many others. To all these tasks he is compelled to add that of nursing his wife through one nervous crisis after another, some of them taking the form of spells of outright insanity. (Indeed, the Hogarth Press was at first literally nothing more than a hand-operated press which he bought so that his wife might learn printing as a form of occupational therapy.) The amount of work he got through is astonishing, and so is the number of eminent people in political and literary life he knew; and he writes with as much zest about the details of publishing or political lobbying as about dining with the Webbs or meeting Jawaharlal Nehru.

The volume of the autobiography which, I believe, has been most widely read is *Beginning Again*, in which the author writes in great detail about the course of his wife's illness. (It was to lead ultimately to her suicide in 1940.) The success of that particular volume is understandable, for the story it tells is dramatic and touching, and his remarks on the relationship between Virginia Woolf's illness and her writing are completely persuasive. But my own favorite among the volumes is *Growing*, the one devoted to his years in Ceylon. That part of his life can be said to belong truly to history in a way that the others do not, for the imperial world it portrays has disappeared utterly. Perhaps for that very reason *Growing* seems to me to be written with a more openly acknowledged depth of feeling than its companion-volumes. Many former colonial officials have published their memoirs of service in remote corners of the globe; but few of them have had Mr. Woolf's background or shared his political views; few of them have been able to combine his passion for his work with his absence of illusion about it. "Civilized men," wrote George Orwell, himself a former servant of the Empire, "do not readily move away from the centers of civilization, and in most languages there is a great dearth of what one may call colonial literature." Quite apart from the wonderful fund of anecdotes it contains about wild animals and wilder men, one feels that in *Growing* there is a full and fair reflection of all that was admirable, and all that was corrupting both to governed and governors, in the British imperial enterprise.

Downhill All the Way, the most recently published volume, is often bitterly elegiac in tone: in it the author records the death of many members of what he calls Old Bloomsbury, and the ever-increasing shadow thrown over his and everyone else's private life by the political disasters of the inter-war period. In the book we are able to see exactly how Bloomsbury acted as a kind of foster family to what eventually became the "established" *New Stateman*-ish English Left of the 30's. And just as in

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the earlier volumes the author seldom if ever gets seriously to grips with the damaging criticisms of Bloomsbury made in different ways by people like D. H. Lawrence, F. R. Leavis, L. H. Myers, the novelist, and (according to Mr. Woolf) Ludwig Wittgenstein, the philosopher, so, in the latest volume, he fails to deal with or even to mention the criticisms of the fashionable Left of that time made by George Orwell. In a way, this second failure is almost more surprising than the first, for it is clear that Mr. Woolf himself never had any of the illusions about Stalin's Russia that were cherished by the *New Statesman* and many of the writers associated with it. If anything, his detestation of the Communists is even more intense than his feelings about the Nazis, because of the nature of the ideals which the former have corrupted.

"I have lived nearly half a century since the end of the 1914 war, watching go by what must have been probably the most senselessly horrible 50 years in human history" —that is the note he is forced to strike again and again in *Downhill All the Way*. To which, all differences of opinion aside, one can only say that Mr. Woolf has not merely watched the years go by: he has done far more than most people to make them a little less senseless and a little less horrible.

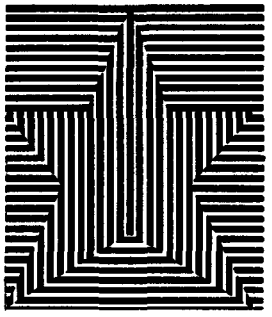
Southern Values

THE EMERGENCE OF THE NEW SOUTH, 1913-1945. By GEORGE BROWN TINDALL. *Louisiana State University Press. 807 pp. $12.50.*

Reviewed by DAVID DONALD

THE SOUTH, announced H. L. Mencken in the 1920's, is the "bonghole of the United States, a cesspool of baptists, a miasma of Methodists, snake-charmers, phony real-estate operators, and syphilitic evangelists." George B. Tindall's *The Emergence of the New South,*

DAVID DONALD *is director of the Institute of Southern History at Johns Hopkins. Mr. Donald reviewed Rembert W. Patrick's* The Reconstruction of the Nation *in our September 1967 issue.*



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—Editor's Foreword

In the fiftieth anniversary year of the Russian Revolution, a group of scholars assembled in Cambridge, Massachusetts, to discuss the events of the Revolution and their significance. This book presents the proceedings of that conference. The aim of the contributors is to give the reader a *sense* of the Revolution; not so much of what happened (this he can obtain from general histories) but how it was and what it all meant.

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1913-1945, is devoted to refuting that charge by demonstrating that the region in the years between the two world wars lost its sectional distinctiveness and became "more an integral part of the Union and of the world than ever before."

There is much in Professor Tindall's 807 fact-loaded pages to sustain his thesis. Massively researched, this enormous volume, the final one in the ten-volume *History of the South* series* (though a volume on the 18th-century Southern colonies is still to appear), argues that Southerners came to accept most national norms. Southern progressives, for instance, may have had "a unique moral-religious tone," but in their objectives they were much like reformers in other sections. Their accomplishments, too, were similar, for by the outbreak of the First World War "new responsibilities had become a familiar part of the political landscape, and if state services lagged somewhat in the South for want of taxable wealth, they did not lag for want of widespread public support." The war had a further homogenizing effect; as a Florida newspaper lamented, it was sad but inevitable that henceforth all Americans abroad would be called Yankees.

By the 1920's "Southern industry's coming of age pulled Southern business, as Wilson had pulled Southern politics, toward the national orbit." Symbolic was the rise of Atlanta as the principal urban center of the New South, that "source of the South's more notorious contributions to 20th-century American culture—Coca Cola and the Ku Klux Klan—but also the home of the interracial movement, several colleges, a symphony orchestra, and annual performances by the Metropolitan Opera Company." In the golden days of prosperity, "the Atlanta spirit reigned supreme in the Babbit warrens of the New South."

Then came depression, and the South suffered just as the rest of the nation did. On "one day in April 1932, a fourth of the entire area of Mississippi went under the [auctioneer's] hammer" for unpaid taxes. Like most other Americans, Southerners rallied behind Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal. If the NRA, the AAA, the PWA, and the rest of the alphabetical agencies wrought no revolutionary transformation in Southern life, they did help stave off starvation. With returning prosperity, white Southereners, like their conservative counterparts elsewhere, worried greatly that the New Deal was coddling labor unions and encouraging Negroes to seek their civil rights, and by the late 1930's the "Atlanta spirit" was "in as full bloom as ever in the flourishing 1920's." The war contracts of the Second World War further spurred Southern industrialization, and full employment permitted the impoverished Negro and white masses of the region to approach the living standards of the rest of the country. The New Deal and the war also "fundamentally altered federal-state relations," for as William Faulkner once observed, Mississippi was estopped from further appeals to state-rights on the day it began accepting subsidies from Washington.

WHILE THERE is, then, much to support Professor Tindall's view that the South during this period returned to the Union, one may wonder whether, in the larger sense, he may not have misread his own voluminous record. The emergence of the Southern businessman does not necessarily signify either a regional acceptance of national values or a break with previous sectional traditions. In fact, the leaders of the South had always been devoted to the business ethic. Contrary to the view of Frank L. Owsley, the South even before the Civil War was no agrarian elysium populated by happy yeomen; contrary to the theory of Eugene D. Genovese, it was no feudal empire either. The Southern planter of the 1830's was as hard-driving, money-conscious, and market-minded as the Southern manufacturer of the 1930's. If one advocated chattel slavery, the other supported wage slavery. Both groups effectively dominated the politics, the economics, and the society of the section.

But if Professor Tindall's enor-

* Edited by Wendell Holmes Stephenson and E. Merton Coulter.

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mous array of facts does not really prove that Southerners accepted new values, it does show the degree to which the South came to impose its ideas upon the nation. When Wilson was elected, one reporter predicted that the South, "beaten, bleeding, prostrate" half a century before, had finally "come back to rule the Union." The fact that under Wilson all but two of the fourteen major Committee chairmanships in the Senate and all but two of the thirteen in the House were held by Southerners showed how accurate that prophecy was. So, too, did the President's decision to channel patronage into the hands of traditional, conservative Southern congressmen and the official endorsement by his administration of racial segregation in federal offices in Washington. A generation later the South was still in control. In 1933, as Professor Tindall writes, "Southerners headed nine of fourteen major Senate Committees and twelve of seventeen in the House, a pattern that varied only in detail until 1945." The spread of the Ku Klux Klan into the North during the 1920's was an indication of how Southern attitudes were finding national acceptance; the very fact that this second Klan devoted its energies principally to harassing Jews and Catholics was significant, because it was everywhere assumed that the question of Negro-white relations had already been settled in accordance with Southern wishes. The favorable critical reception given Southern authors during these years was further evidence of the dominant role Southerners had come to play in the national life; one has only to list the names of Ellen Glasgow, John Crowe Ransom, Robert Penn Warren, Thomas Wolfe, Allen Tate, Katherine Anne Porter, Eudora Welty, and William Faulkner to realize the degree to which American literature during these years was in fact Southern literature.

Nevertheless, the South remained in some degree unique, its values unshared by the nation at large, and Professor Tindall gives us in passing evidence to challenge his own theory that the section was

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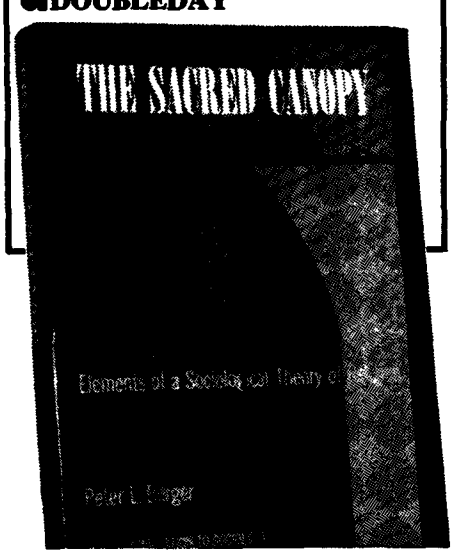

increasingly being reabsorbed into the nation. It would be hard, for instance, to duplicate elsewhere in the United States the 1918 Georgia mob which, outraged by the killing of a white planter, stormed across two counties for a week, "hanged three innocent men, strung up the pregnant widow of one by the ankles, doused her clothing with gasoline, and after it burned away, cut out her unborn child and trampled it underfoot, then riddled her with bullets." It was in defense of such gothic atrocities that Senator Cole Blease bellowed: "Whenever the Constitution comes between me and the virtue of the white women of South Carolina, then I say 'to hell with the Constitution.'" More elegantly, the aristocratic Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi put it: "There is just one thing that I love better than the Democratic party . . . and United States . . . my wife or children or myself, and that is the . . . purity and the integrity of the white race everywhere."

Southerners readily transposed these fears of the Negro into hostility toward any other minority. In 1928, Tom Heflin of South Carolina sensed that the "Roman hierarchy" was behind the diabolical plot to put Al Smith in the White House and announced to his following the alternatives: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, the God of white supremacy or the false god of Roman social equality." Jews, too, came under attack, because they had, as the head of the Klan wrote, set themselves apart by a "racial and religious antipathy, unrelenting and unabating since the cross of Calvary."

All change to the Southerner was dangerous. Arkansas planters advised against building outhouses for tenants, since it was well known that "all . . . a sharecropper needs is a cotton patch and a corn cob." Labor organizers were considered dangerous radicals. A South Carolina evangelist announced that the letters CIO stood for "Christ Is Out," while a history-minded company guard at Vicksburg, thoughtfully watching a mob beat up a union leader, reflected: "If it wasn't for people like the CIO we could still have slavery and get along without working." Feeble New Deal attempts to encourage single-family dairy farms in the South were branded as Communistic. When a puzzled John Dos Passos asked the reason, an Alabaman explained: "Well, around here Communism's anything we don't like. Isn't it that way everywhere else?"

Fortunately it was not. Though Southern values were influential and Southern political power was great, the region remained identifiably distinct. It is the failure to analyze the reasons for this persistent peculiarity that one most misses from Professor Tindall's laborious and careful book. Perhaps he might have written a more interesting study had he brushed aside the surface similarities between the South and the nation, which he develops at such length. It might have been better to begin with the central insight of that most brilliant of Southern analysts, W. J. Cash, who recognized that the region was like "a tree with many age rings, with its limbs and trunk bent and twisted by all the winds of the years, but with its tap root still in the Old South."

Hunger

THE WORLD FOOD PROBLEM: A REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT'S SCIENCE ADVISORY COMMITTEE. *The White House. 2 vols. 127 and 772 pp. $.60 and $2.75.*

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES

HOW ARE the people of the underdeveloped world to be fed?

Since 1963, American aid to accelerate agricultural and industrial production in poorer countries has been dwindling; and this year it has slipped to the lowest level in the twenty-year history of its crisis-ridden existence. In the last year of his administration, President Kennedy first asked for $5 billion from Congress, but then cut his request down to $4.5 billion. He also

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ASHER BRYNES, *a former contributing editor of the* New Republic, *is Special Assistant to the U.S. Secretary of Agriculture and the author of, among other works,* We Give to Conquer.

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appointed a distinguished citizens' committee—headed by the chief fundraiser for the Republican party, General Lucius Clay—which issued a lengthy report endorsing the administration's aid proposal. But to no avail; Congress cut the authorization another $600 million, and since then erosion has been so rapid that the present Congress has authorized only about $2 billion for foreign economic assistance. The program has become a skinny tithe indeed; the wealthiest nation on earth now sets aside one quarter of one per cent of its Gross National Product—which has risen to $800 billion per annum—to help the poor of the world.

The current situation had long been foreseen by the upper echelons of the Washington bureaucracy, who organized the present study of worldwide hunger to check the trend away from foreign aid. Early in 1966, the Johnson administration recruited 110 experts on various phases of the problem and organized them into a baker's dozen of sub-panels, each with as many consultants as it wanted. The President's office must have received interim reports of the group's progress; in his State of the Union message last January, some six months before the publication of this study, Mr. Johnson practically quoted its conclusion. Then the President admonished the nation that "the time for rhetoric has clearly passed. The time for concerted action is here and we must get on with the job."

The time *is* here. According to the Third World Food Survey of the Food and Agricultural Administration of the UN, 20 per cent of mankind is undernourished at the present time and some 60 per cent suffers from malnutrition (most commonly caused by protein-deficient diets). As the authors of the present study state in their passionate summation, there are "more hungry mouths in the world today than ever before in history." Moreover, the fact is that the world's food shortage and the world's population are growing together, so that the future looks anything but promising. If the present rates of population growth obtain for one more generation, then at the beginning of the next generation four

In January 1944 President Roosevelt was shown the startling conclusion of a secret memorandum. Its title:

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—from advance review in *Publishers' Weekly*

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times as many people will be living in underdeveloped countries as in industrialized or high income nations. The poor countries with a stubbornly lagging economic development—a description that applies to most of the countries in Latin America, Asia, and Africa—exceed the production of rich nations in only one thing: human beings.

In the past, the only kind of population control that was really effective in such countries was infant mortality, occurring mainly in the first year of life. At present, however, a small number of public-health physicians from the developed countries, joined by increasing numbers of local doctors, midwives, and nurses, are having remarkable success in combating infant mortality. Their activities involve the organization of child-care clinics in the cities of underdeveloped areas, and the establishment of scheduled visits to out-of-the-way villages. There, public-health teams dispense inoculations, teach principles of sanitation, and sometimes leave behind medicines for future use. Their work is inexpensive; the results they achieve are almost invariably dramatic.

Economists have their own way of analyzing these results. To them, the production of human beings in underdeveloped countires is an output that responds to very small changes in the factors affecting the basic reproductive unit, the parents. However, the intervention of public-health programs in the economy changes almost nothing but the death-rate. Having saved some lives, the doctors and nurses —benevolent intruders into the local culture—depart; they have changed the life of the family, but not the conditions of making a living. It is far easier and cheaper to keep infants alive than to improve the economic environment into which they will mature. That requires capital; it involves more effort; and it takes time.

In the underdeveloped countries one is confronted by farmers who still employ the most primitive agricultural methods. It is much more difficult to teach such farmers how to use a plough and how to store their crops, than it is to inoculate their children against infectious diseases. In the latter case we are doing something to the farmer and for him; but in showing him new techniques, we are teaching him to do something for himself. Meanwhile, as he and we begin this more difficult task, the increased numbers of his children, too young to fend for themselves, are waiting to be fed.

IT IS OBVIOUS, then, that our wonderful successes in the saving of the world's children are out of phase with the necessary changes in their environment. If the obvious needed proof, one would have to do no more than point to the tonnage of contraceptive devices we began to ship into underdeveloped areas in the past year. It is surely humiliating that we have been instrumental in bringing about a situation in which the multiplied numbers of people swamp any immediate application of our agricultural technology. As the Committee's sub-panel on Population and Nutritional Demands notes, "Economic growth and social development are made much more difficult by a high birth rate, which results in a very high proportion of children in the population, and hence a heavy dependency burden on the producing adults in the society."

What was the trouble with our vision when we ventured on this topsy-turvy program of foreign aid? It is an old story. Our politicians, democratically elected, bow to the current needs—and fears—of their constituents. Fearing the appeals of Communism and the Soviet Union to the poorer nations, we put up a variety of show projects, particularly in border countries like Afghanistan, Nepal, Pakistan, and India. In these places, economic assistance funds were spent on the same principle applied by the Defense Department in allocating the military budget: we would do whatever the Soviet Union was doing—but bigger and better. In small countries like Nepal with neutralist policies (i.e., countries which take foreign aid from both sides) these show projects, put up competitively by the superpowers, have had a harmful effect. In large countries like India, Iran, and Turkey they might not damage the economy but they have tended to

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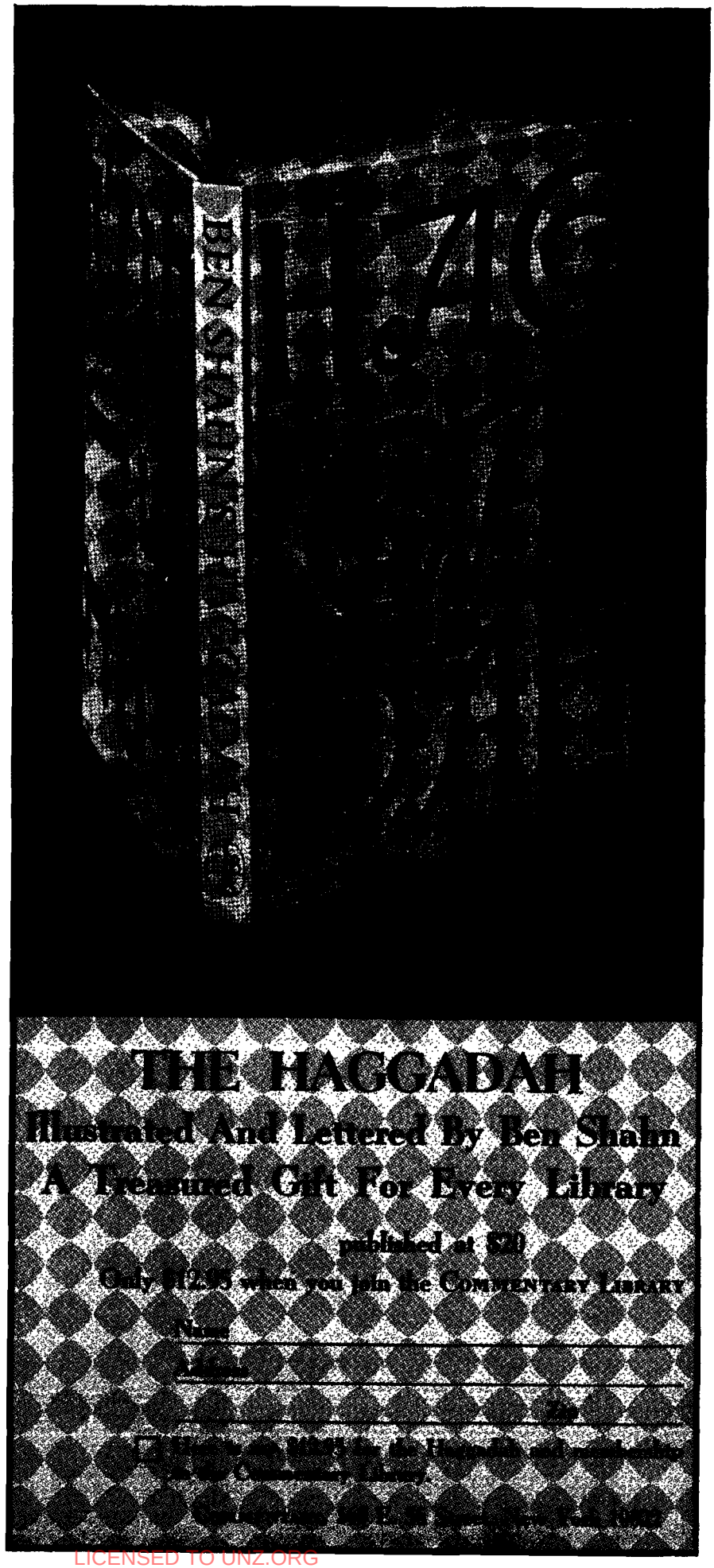
be limited to providing employment for educated townspeople.

The little aid money left over after indulging in such competition has been insufficient to make a splash anywhere but in the support of public-health services. The financing of agricultural development is a procedure that, as we have seen, offers slow returns. Moreover, the Soviet Union and China are committed to foreign aid policies emphasizing industrialization; if we are to compete with them, therefore, we too must ignore agricultural improvement. The irony of it is, of course, that both the Soviet Union and China have repeatedly failed in the proper management of their own agricultural resources. Thus it would almost seem that we vie with them in putting up factories so that the competition will be fair.

BE THAT as it may, *The World Food Problem* makes it clear that we must use our funds to build up the farm sector of the economies of underdeveloped countries. The study hammers home one all-important point: a bountiful agriculture anywhere in the world must be a highly capitalized agriculture. Modern tilling machinery, adequately powered tractors, efficient implements—all these are expensive. It takes money to obtain good seed, especially of the improved varieties recently introduced: wheat, grain, sorghums, rice, and other staples. No matter how much expertise a farmer has, he cannot by himself produce the hybrid strains of corn which it is advisable for him to grow; he must buy them from commercial seedmen or procure them from special agencies. Fertilizers, agricultural chemicals, irrigation equipment—all these take more and more money to buy. Finally, to maintain this modern agriculture farmers need consumers who can pay adequately for their crops, who can in fact pay for the ultimate replenishment of the farm capital the U.S. has contributed initially.

Where there is a population problem, it is incumbent on us to capitalize agricultural development on the scale we have up to this time reserved for new industries in underdeveloped countries. In fact,



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The rise of red journals

Red Virgin Soil introduced the "thick" journal to post-revolutionary Russia. Under the discerning editorship of Aleksandr Voronski it published the writings of such men as Pil'nyak, Ivanov, Olesha and Babel, and became a major force in the development of Soviet *belles lettres* and literary thought.

Robert A. Maguire traces the evolution of Voronski's esthetics, interprets afresh the works published in *Red Virgin Soil*, and relates the tradition of the "thick" journals in pre-revolutionary Russia to their Soviet successors. *Studies of the Russian Institute, Columbia University.*

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we must realize that today farming is itself an industrial process, though the efficient sizes of the producing units are generally far smaller than those in corporate industry. This, to be sure, runs counter to the Marxist view of agriculture, but that view is obsolete, as the Russians are discovering, slowly but surely, in their own country.

The Devil In Moscow

THE MASTER AND MARGARITA. By MIKHAIL BULGAKOV. Translated by MICHAEL GLENNY. *Harper & Row. 284 pp. $6.95.*

Translated by MIRRA GINSBURG. *Grove. 402 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by ERNST PAWEL

MIKHAIL BULGAKOV was already twelve years old when Chekhov died in 1904, an overlap that seems to preclude reincarnation as a possible clue to the uncanny affinities between the two men. Both were physicians patently unable to heal themselves, hopelessly addicted to the stage, prolific in their output. Both gained early recognition for their short stories and went on to fame as dramatists, wrote immensely popular plays, and paid an exorbitant price for their popularity. Chekhov died at forty-four; Bulgakov lived four years longer.

Beyond these intriguing if surface parallels loom the essential points of contact touching upon their creative work, and here the evidence is more complex. For their deeper kinship rests mainly on a skeptical humanism and compassionate irony which, though common to both, are inevitably shaped and scarred by their respective times. Chekhov's world was that of 19th-century Russia; he died before the fall of Port Arthur. Bulgakov started practicing medicine during World War I, began to write after the October Revolution, reached the crest of his fame in

ERNST PAWEL *is a novelist who writes frequently about affairs in the Soviet bloc. Mr. Pawel's novels include* The Island in Time, From the Dark Tower, *and* In the Absence of Magic.

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the 20's and died on the eve of World War II, an un-person to the extent of not even rating an obituary notice in the Soviet press. He represents the spirit and the fate of Chekhov in the age of Stalin.

Bulgakov's eclipse, like that of most writers suppressed along with him, has of course always been relative. In a recently published and deeply personal tribute to him, the Soviet novelist Viktor Nekrassov estimates that at least a million people saw *The Days of the Turbins,* Bulgakov's best-known play, in the course of its thirteen-year run, one of the spectators being Stalin, who, according to the theater's archives, attended no less than fifteen performances over the years. A dramatization of Bulgakov's first novel, it focuses on the ordeal of a middle-class Kiev family—typical Chekhovian liberals, in the parlance of Soviet criticism—caught in the civil war and facing, beyond its physical horrors, the agonizing moral choices implicit in this kind of fratricidal butchery. It marked the first time that a Soviet playwright dared to grapple with the central themes of revolutionary iconography in terms moral rather than political, eschewing the stock Red-and-White clichés of the post-revolutionary stage and creating characters whose complex individuality transformed them into prototypes of an entire generation.

On the whole, the play's enormous popularity proved a more than dubious blessing for its author. His clearly ambivalent noncommitment fatally provoked the jackals of the proletcult and the bloodhounds of the GPU, whose time-tested methods quickly reduced an "uregenerate bourgeois writer" to an un-writer by the simple expedient of cutting him off from his public. Of Bulgakov's eleven surviving plays (about one-third of his total output), only six were ever produced in his lifetime; the first collection of his stories and novellas—far from complete—appeared in 1966. Yet some aspects of his work seem to have held a curious fascination for Stalin, not otherwise renowned as a patron of the arts; though rejecting his petition for an exit visa, the dictator in 1932 personally put a stop to GPU harassment of Bulgakov and probably saved him from prison, exile, or worse. It was neither the first nor the last intervention of this kind on Stalin's part and revealed some cryptic dimensions to which Bulgakov, in turn, responded with an ambivalence clearly reflected in the pages of his last major novel.

Fatally ill, blind toward the end, Bulgakov devoted the last twelve years of his life to *The Master and Margarita* fully aware that, barring a miracle, he would never live to see it published. And I don't think he believed in miracles—which may have been one reason why he was able to write about them with such engaging verve.

The book consists of three novels on distinct if related themes, hinged together in a triptych of sorts. The hinges creak, the panels sag, and the profusion of detail often makes it difficult to trace their intricate relationship. Which

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is another way of saying that like all truly significant works of literature this one is alive, hence flawed.

Central to it is the story of the devil in Moscow. Disguised as a professor of black magic and attended by a suitable retinue that includes a witch and a gun-slinging cat, the cynical but not unappealing Satan has come to town in order to find out for himself what changes the revolution has brought about and whether they affect the hearts and minds of Moscow's citizens or only the traffic pattern of its trolley cars. This research project involves him in a series of gruesomely hilarious situations. Officious bureaucrats and phrase-mongering party hacks are stripped bare in their encounters with him, as often as not caught literally with their pants down, but the most savage thrusts of Bulgakov's comic genius, for reasons easy to appreciate, he reserves for luminaries of the literary establishment. Hypocrisy, stupidity, greed, and lechery explode all over town as the devil proves what he had never doubted in the first place—*plus ça change*. . . . His casual demonstrations of supernatural powers fill the psycho wards, shake the State Writers' Club to its opulent foundations, paralyze the police force, and ultimately bring about citywide crisis conditions. And since the devil, along with God, has been officially pronounced dead, his rudimentary pranks also generate a frenzied flow of official explanations that explain nothing. Yet the devil is far from omnipotent. Like Goethe's Mephisto, Bulgakov's Professor Woland "wills forever evil, yet does forever good." Moreover, his power is circumscribed by the exalted forces embodied in the myths of Faust and of the Crucifixion. It is these two myths, as reworked by Bulgakov, that provide a counterpoint in the novel to Satan's adventures in the proletarian Wonderland.

In Bulgakov's version, Pontius Pilate fails to save the life of a man whom he has come to love and perhaps even believe in, thus dramatizing the issues of courage, commitment, and personal responsibility. Indeed, Christ's last words in the gospel according to Bulgakov—"One of man's greatest sins is cowardice"—not only condemn Pilate to everlasting agony but seem to have retained sufficient relevance to disturb his linear descendents in present-day Moscow, for they are missing from the version published in Russia (as well as from the Grove Press edition based on it).

The final segment, variation on a theme by Goethe, contains the core of Bulgakov's faith and, either because or in spite of it, seems to me the least successful of the three. His Faust is a novelist referred to as the Master, whose crowning work on the life of Pontius Pilate has been rejected and ridiculed by every literary hatchetman and executioner in town. He finally burns his manuscript and retreats to the psycho ward, traditional last refuge of the sane. But love comes to the rescue; his Margarita—no Gretchen she, but a rather bovine Bovary—strikes a bargain with the devil, and in return for a brief but highly exhilarating stint as a witch persuades him to save the Master's soul, i.e., his manuscript. But "paper does not burn," as the devil rather prophetically declaims, assuring the Master that his novel will yet come into its own.

The joke, of course, is on us, a reminder that even in our universe of the absurd it is occasionally possible for absurdity to pass ultimate limits and turn into its anti-particle. For the vision that must have sustained Bulgakov during those final desperate years, the wishful thinking which along with so much bitter irony, humor, and moral courage went into the writing of this tale, for once came true. Sometimes, it seems, paper really does not burn; a mere twenty-seven years after his death, Bulgakov's novel made him the literary man of the hour—a neat twist that would have appealed to his sense of irony. The discovery of a buried literary masterpiece is a rare enough event to justify the excitement. That this event has political overtones—as most things do, in the Soviet Union—is borne out by cuts made in the published version, though on the whole the censors appear to have been more allergic to Bulgakov's antic ribaldry than to his largely dated political lampooning.

Soviet censorship having all these years provided a bounty of smug

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comfort for Americans of all persuasions, it may be sacrilege to suggest that perhaps a dash of envy is finally called for. Not that I advocate repression; but the censor symbolizes a conceit still prevalent in the Soviet Union—namely the conviction that literature matters. The trend in the U.S. is increasingly toward the manufacture of books by giant business organizations geared to the mass distribution of consumer goods. And while, aside from a scattering of sclerotic bluenoses and vigilante virgins, we may have no more censors, the question is whether we still have readers and how long those few surviving can resist the automated onslaught of ideas conceived in indifference, created equal, utterly disposable, and sold at a discount.

The publication history of *The Master and Margarita* is an oblique but distressing example. Abetted by the absence of copyright conventions between the U.S. and the USSR, Grove Press rushed through its own translation of the novel, fully cognizant of the fact that Harper & Row had, through official Soviet channels, obtained and paid for publication rights. This misdirected spurt of initiative in a field not distinguished by an abundance of vision and energy misfired, as it was bound to; the cutthroat techniques of cloak-and-suiters applied to publishing spell murder here as there, the victims being book, author, and reader. The fact that the MOSVKA-Grove version turned out to be significantly mutilated but better translated merely bears out this point. Yet in either version, the intrinsic stature of Bulgakov's novel should be obvious.

Death of a Chronicler

LAST REFLECTIONS ON A WAR. By BERNARD B. FALL. Preface by DOROTHY FALL. *Doubleday. 288 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by FRANCES FITZGERALD

THE COLONELS do their best. They have, it must be said, adequate facilities: a windowless auditorium modeled, down to the smell, on the high-level theaters of Washington; plush seats, banks of stage lights, dimmers, a discreet lectern; for scenery—blown-up green and black abstractions on movable flats and drop curtains. The show goes on every day including Sundays. Like clockwork, at five, the principals, Land, Sea, and Air, make their entrances in the same Olympian order. Their lines vary little, the drama is, of course, in the anticipation of a fine nuance brought to the familiar. Granted they wear the magic cloak of military rank, still their performance is creditable, for they succeed in giving an artistic distance to the daily killing: "Three missions were flown yesterday against targets 320 miles northwest of Saigon. The nth battalion of the nth division reported a body count of seventy-seven at the conclusion of their Operation Andrew Carnegie." A worthwhile endeavor in a war where events succeed each other without consequence like a series of ghastly traffic accidents. The Saigon press corps has seen enough of the war in Vietnam to be appreciative. Given the audience's desire to suspend disbelief, it is rare that an event breaks through the rhetoric, stops the performance, and casts doubts upon the script as a whole. The death of Bernard Fall was such an event.

Journalist and historian, Fall had begun his study of the Vietnamese war in 1953, or so long ago that the year lies beyond the reaches of memory. In Vietnam fourteen years make an eon; they span generations of soldiers, journalists, and politicians. Over the years Fall had watched foreign generals and civilian officials with their pacification programs, their counter-insurgency tactics come and go like children on a carousel, sitting proud on the same circling painted horses. Diligent, never entirely cynical, Fall had recorded the look of each generation as it entered the war, while noting the regular recurrences in the war itself. For those who came to Vietnam as to a country which had just sprung from the ocean, he described the permanent features of its landscape, its dense civilization.

On February 21, 1967 Bernard

FRANCES FITZGERALD, *a new contributor, is a free-lance writer who recently spent a year in Vietnam.*

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Fall died on a land mine planted in the muddy track that runs through the ricelands and tidal marshes on the seacoast north of Hue. The mine went off in impartial response to a given amount of pressure—an absurd "accident" except that the same sort of accidents on the same piece of ground have killed so many French legionnaires, so many U.S. marines. Fall died on the Street Without Joy, the strip of land after which he titled his first book on the first Indochina war. When the colonels made their announcement, the atmosphere in Saigon changed as if hit by the pressure preceeding an electrical storm. For a moment the Americans saw what he had so long described to them: the mechanism of the war turning out of their control in its terrible cycle of destruction.

IN COMPILING a collection of his last essays, Dorothy Fall has done her husband's public a service which Fall himself might never have performed. A various collection rather than a shaped and polished book, *Last Reflections on a War* stands as a fine representative sample of Fall's work as a whole; as such, it is as nearly personal as an autobiography. The book begins with a radio transcript in which Fall gives a brief account of his life and ends with the transcript of the tape Fall was making for his family at the moment of his death. That the collection includes an excellent outline of Vietnamese history, a discussion of the basic issues of the war, and an emotive picture of Vietnam, 1967, speaks for the depth of Fall's knowledge and the scope of his concerns.

Intense, hardworking, prolific, Fall had by the age of forty established himself as the leading American authority on current Vietnamese history. In a period of fourteen years he wrote six books on Vietnam ranging through academic studies of the organization of the Vietminh (*The Viet Minh Regime, Le Viet Minh*), a journal of the French war (*Street Without Joy*), a history of the inter-war period (*The Two Viet Nams*), an analysis of the American war (*Vietnam Witness*) and a history of the battle of Dienbienphu (*Hell in a Very Small Place*). Surprisingly—given such an achievement—Fall had no background in Asia. By his own account, he went to Vietnam in obedience to the laws of academic supply and demand: a professor at the University of Kentucky advised him to specialize in Indochina for the simple reason that no one else knew much about it. Fall paid for his first trip, to collect material for a doctoral dissertation, out of his own small savings. If he went to Vietnam by accident, he found there a theme whose deep resonance in his own life caught him up in a driving, alternate rhythm between journalism and scholarship.

Though he spent all of his professional life in the United States, Fall came to America for the first time in 1951. His parents, Austrian Jews, emigrated from Vienna to France soon after their son was born; when World War II came, they decided to stand ground in their adopted country—Fall's father joined the resistance in the south of France. Growing up in an occupied country, Fall became a full-fledged *maquisard* at the age of seventeen. "There was no such thing as living at home like a solid citizen. . . . Oh, no, you actually fought all the way through. . . . For us there was nothing but the endless tunnel." After the war, he accepted a Fulbright scholarship for study in the United States; though he continued to carry a French passport for purposes of travel to North Vietnam, he never went back to France, for he no longer had roots there: the Nazis had killed his father in 1943, his mother in 1944. In an essay included in *Last Reflections*, "200 Years of War in Vietnam," Fall quotes the young Vietnamese poet, Pham Quynh, as saying to the French colonial minister, "We are a people who are looking for a country and have not yet found it." Like the young nationalist, Fall himself never had a country given by birthright to him; as his friend, Professor Paul Mus, has so perceptively observed, he felt obliged to make a country for himself out of his own efforts. His sense of belonging to the United States was coextensive with his work. He took nothing for granted; he felt that he had a country

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only insofar as he could contribute to it.

Arriving in Vietnam as the French war drew to its bitter close, Fall began what he called his "bad love affair" with the country *par excellence* of the guerrilla. Professionally interested in the Vietminh, Fall made trips throughout the country, following the French troops deep into Vietminh territory. From the French resistance he brought to Vietnam a double vision: a sympathy with the guerrillas fighting for their independence, a sympathy with the French troops holding out, hopeless and heroic, for a vanished world. Though Fall argued consistently that the nature of the Vietnamese conflict was political rather than simply military, he inclined his heart to the soldiers on both sides and his best efforts to a description of the war itself. In *Street Without Joy* and *Hell in a Very Small Place* he moves beyond his usual essay style to write an impression of the Vietnamese war stronger than that of any novelist, Graham Greene perhaps excepted. Last December on his sixth and final trip to Vietnam, he wrote for the *New Republic* an account of his Christmas visit to an American outpost near the DMZ.

Though always a matter of slight embarrassment to his left-wing audience, Fall's identification with the soldiers worked to enhance his sensitivity to the political flux of Vietnam. As a soldier, Fall knew the terrain as an intricate political mosaic; as a soldier, he knew how to look for the man within the political equation—a perception which is the first qualification for Western analysts of Asia. To quote the French historian, Phillippe Devillers, "In our age of mass society, where all history seems to be determined by forces so powerful as to negate the individual, the Vietnamese problem has the originality to remain dominated by the questions of individuals. Indeed, the problem becomes almost incomprehensible if one transforms men into abstractions." Though the notion, shared by Fall, looks romantic, it is not so, for whatever the "objective" truth may be, the Vietnamese themselves conceive of political forces in terms of personalities; viewed through Western political abstractions, their world becomes opaque, unpredictable. In his short biography of Ho Chi Minh contained in *Last Reflections*, Fall constructs a character by looking quite simply at what the man has done rather than at his ideological formation. As a hypothetical model, Fall's Ho Chi Minh stands clear and simple as $E=mc^2$ beside all the metaphysical muddles of the experts on international Communist doctrine.

Intellectually an American pragmatist with a French sense of irony, Fall did not take a doctrinaire stance against American intervention in South Vietnam. On the other hand, he made two general criticisms of the U.S. Indochina policy: first, that it lacked a coherent frame of reference and second, that, based on theories unrelated to the local situation, it lacked flexibility. Though Fall continued to hope for improvement, his description of U.S. policy in Vietnam points to a long case history behind its now-apparent symptoms of schizophrenia.

In 1940, President Roosevelt, writing to his son, Elliott, in effect blamed the European colonialists, particularly the French, for the entire war in the Pacific. Taking Vietnamese independence as a moral axiom, Roosevelt in 1945-6 first left the French resistance forces in Indochina defenseless, to be slaughtered by the retreating Japanese armies and then, after initial overtures to the Vietminh regime, abandoned the embryonic nationalist army to be slaughtered by the returning French armies. For seven years afterwards, the United States diplomatically forgot about Indochina; finally in 1953, on the eve of a Vietminh victory, the Eisenhower administration decided to intervene in the Indochina war—on the side of the French. For two years the United States in effect paid the French to avoid negotiations while teasing them with hopes for a victory—or at least for a better negotiating position—in the form of a military commitment. Finally resolving not to intervene militarily, Secretary Dulles went about making the arrangements for a new war in Vietnam; he refused to sign the Geneva Accords and began to

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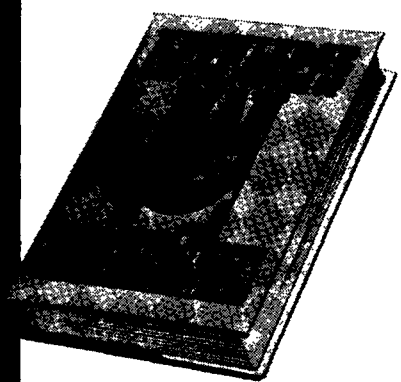

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build up a vast military establishment for a government in the South which not only did not recognize the Northern regime, but actually claimed sovereignty over its territory. His precedent was, of course, postwar Germany. Translated into policy, this misplaced analogy led to a rather remarkable result: in 1965 the United States entered the war in Vietnam with a program whose failure had already been demonstrated.

Over the last few years, Bernard Fall gave sustained effort to decoding the administration's more hermetic bulletins on Vietnam. For example: "The Vietnamese never had elections on a national basis. . . . It has never happened in their whole history" (Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Saigon, April, 1966). As Fall points out, the Vietnamese *he* knew had had no less than twelve elections since the 1930's. Indeed, they suffered not from ignorance in this regard but from too much experience with phony elections of the sort held under the regime of Henry Cabot Lodge. In looking at the 1966 elections for the Constituent Assembly, Fall discovered a problem in simple arithmetics ignored by the Saigon press corps; by comparing the population figures with the number of ballots cast, he found that there were a million more votes than there were people eligible to vote. From these calculations Fall concluded not that the administration was lying—its figures did not bear such a direct relation to the truth—but rather that it had invented a country of its own. The military, with their statistics on enemy dead and enemy "structures" destroyed, had built (I extrapolate from Fall's text) a strange, metallurgical world, where Communism sits like an oblong box under all of the bombing. As for the civilians, they with their progress charts had made a model of Underdevelopment with mechanical people who wait stupidly to be reprogrammed. As Fall often warned, to force such abstractions onto reality is to predetermine first, irrelevant aid programs and second, B-52s loaded with antipersonnel bombs. By the end of 1966, Fall felt strongly that from the American point of view the war had lost its political component to become a test of advanced Western military technology versus guerrilla movements in general. That the proper analogy for Vietnam was not Munich but Spain.

Before his trip to Vietnam in 1966, Fall admitted that for the first time he felt apprehensive about going back—apprehensive not for himself but for what might have happened to "his" Vietnam. For Bernard Fall had his own Vietnam; it belonged neither to the Communists in the North nor to the Saigon generals packing their heavy American weapons, nor to the future as seen by the "grim little men" of War Zone C. It was the traditional Vietnam, a place which by 1967 had almost ceased to exist. Though Fall counseled both the U.S. government and its critics on the Left, he agreed with neither of them completely, for both extremes of policy—the continuation of the large-scale war or immediate total withdrawal—threatened "his" Vietnam. If he spoke for anyone, it was for most of the South Vietnamese who, after two years of invasion by the armies of North Vietnam and the United States, cry a plague on all the foreigners and ask only for peace. As a voice for those who have no voices, he urged the United States to put pressure on the Saigon government and the NLF to make a local political settlement in the South. The Southerners, he insisted, should be the center of all negotiations; the DRVN and the U.S. should take a back-up position as did the major powers in the 1962 Geneva Conference over Laos. Under those conditions he saw a chance for the South Vietnamese to find a peace somewhere short of the apocalypse.

Bernard Fall's death last year was not only a matter for private grief but an event of public importance. With his depth of expertise, his understanding of the Vietnamese in both the North and the South, Fall might have been a catalyst to the peace as well as its historian. When the time comes for a negotiated settlement, two nations will realize the full extent of their loss: Bernard Fall was one of the few men qualified to make the vital link between the beginning and the end of the war.

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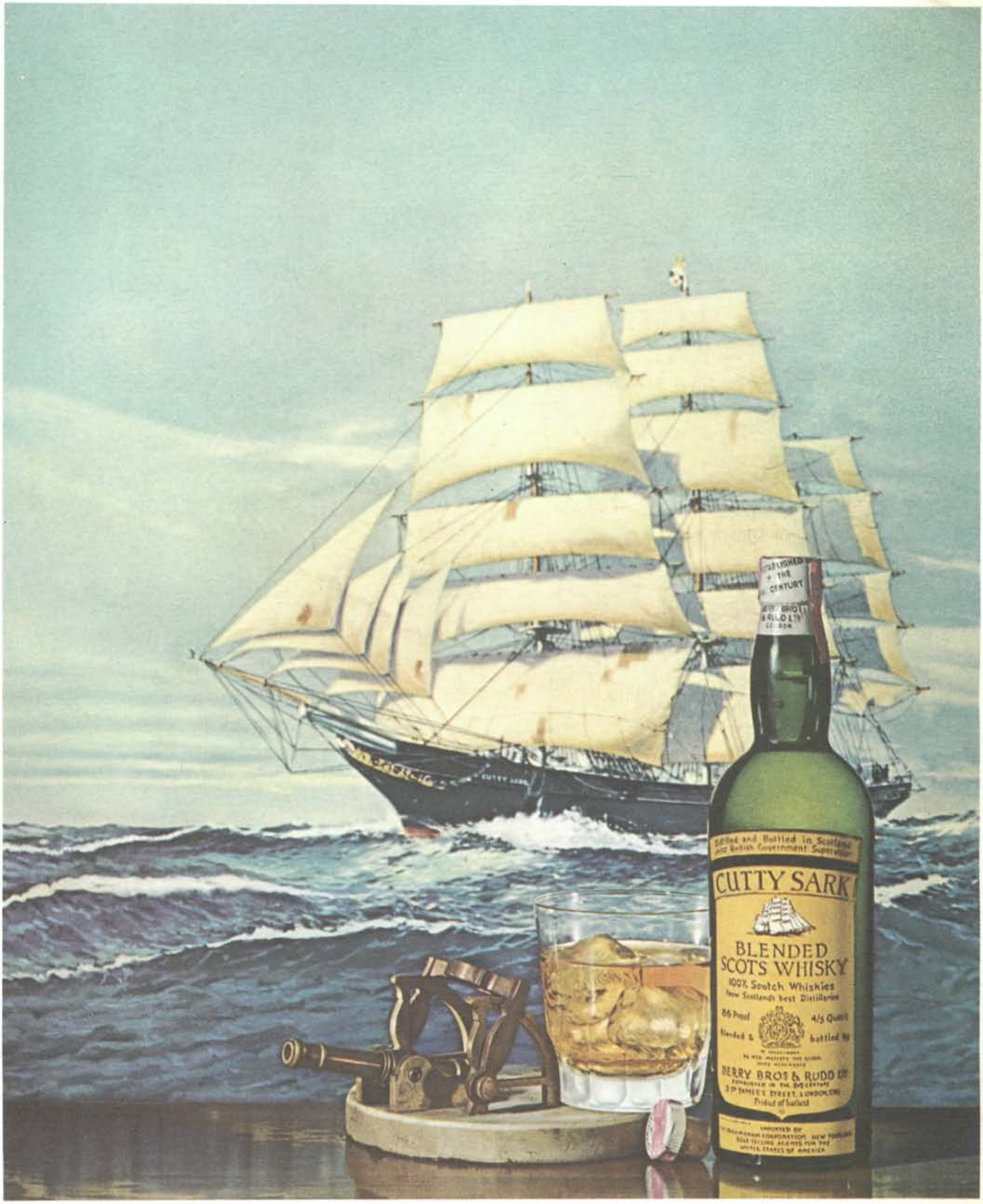

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